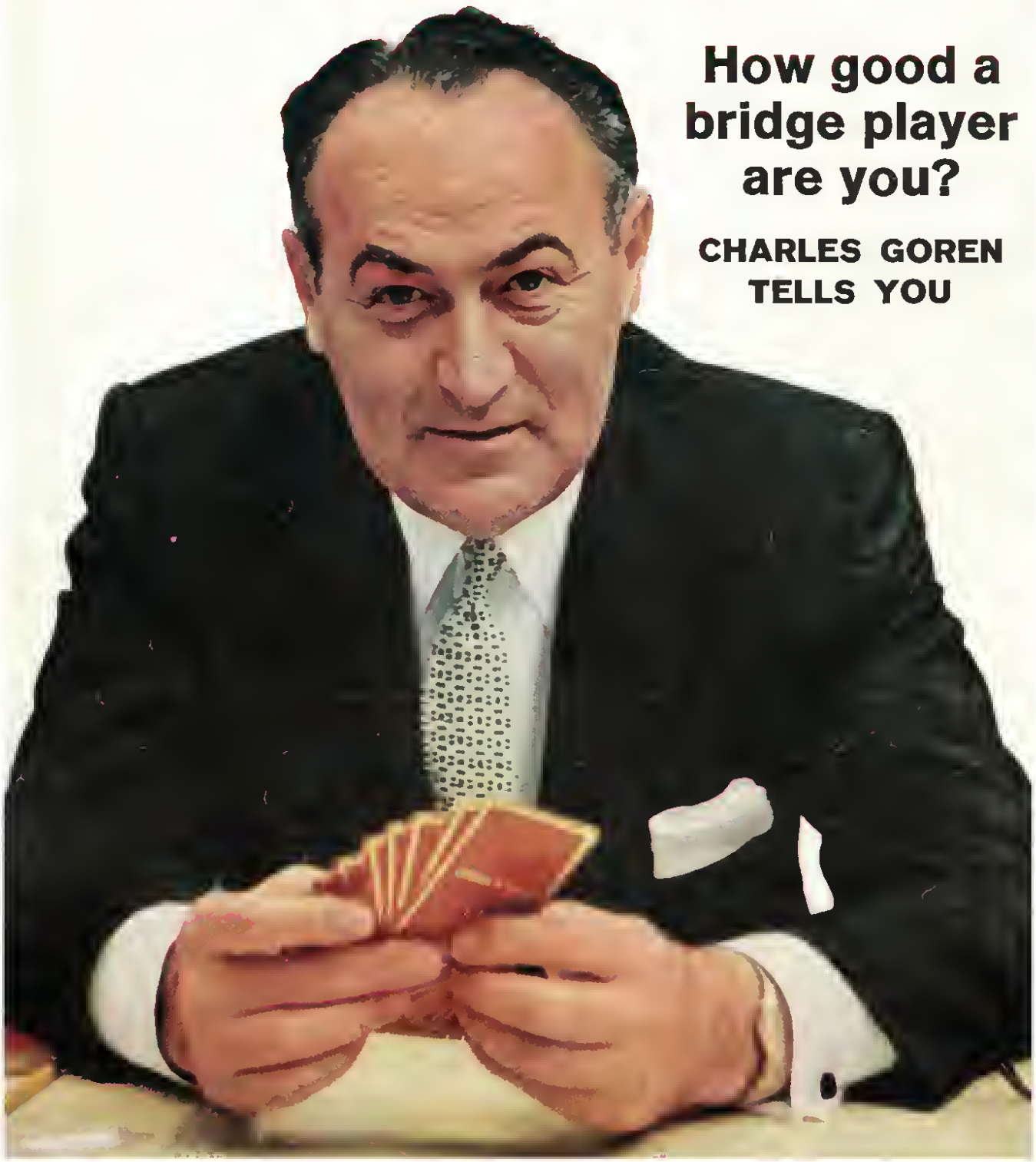
OCTOBER 14, 1957

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America's National Sports Weekly

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MEMO

from the publisher

NONE OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editors has served as sparring partner for Floyd Patterson yet or even pitched batting practice before a World Series game. This, by general agreement, is just as well. But our Jeremiah Tax, who in this issue describes the wonders of the new Roosevelt Raceway, *has* lived dangerously lately, to the cheers of 39,000 people who two weeks ago in Delaware, Ohio watched the great pacer Torpid win the Little Brown Jug (SI, Sept. 30). Just before the race, Delvin Miller, the trainer who developed Adios, seized Tax and said: "I want you to warm up one of my horses."



TAX AND TAXI AT THE LITTLE BROWN JUG

"Are you crazy?" cried Tax, edging away. "This race is worth $70,000. I could ruin that horse!"

"Come on," said Miller, firmly.

A struggling Tax was backed into a vacant stall, hustled into silks and britches. "I could kill myself," he protested. Nobody seemed to care. A cap went on his head, a whip in his hand and there was Tax in a sulky behind a slavering beast named Meadow Rhythm.

"So I sat, my feet in the stirrups, spread-eagled behind that monster and waited for all hell to break loose. And nothing happened. The horse just stood there. Then I clucked to him, and off we went just like that—me and all the other Jug drivers. As we jogged past the stands, the announcer called off each entry. Now he bellowed out, 'Meadow Rhythm, driven by Jeremiah Tax, harness racing editor of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED. Glad to have you with us, Jeremiah. Let's give him a big welcome, folks!' I was sopping wet.

"Well, we jogged our horses the wrong way of the track—me and the other Jug men and then we turned around for a speedy 2:50 mile the right way. Meadow Rhythm behaved beautifully, held his gait and thoughtfully kept his tail out of my face. But when I turned him over to the groom after the warmup that gentleman seemed relieved for some silly reason."

It would be hard to say just how this experience affected Meadow Rhythm. He placed fourth (handled by his regular driver) in his division of the Little Brown Jug and earned $2,200. The effect on Tax, however, was hard to miss. "Hey, driver," he was heard to bark after the race. "If I'd had a little more time to work on that horse I'd have made a winner of him."



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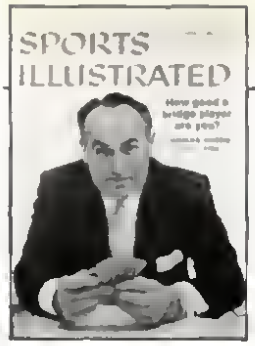
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OCTOBER 14, 1957
Volume 7, Number 16

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COVER: CHARLES GOREN

Photograph by Dan Weiner

This friendly and humorous-looking man is the world's first authority on contract bridge. Now writing on all card games for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, he begins a regular weekly series with a quiz which tells you just where you stand in the army of 50 million bridge players.

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Bridge is fun, says CHARLES GOREN, *whatever your rating may be*

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NEXT WEEK

THE DUCKS ARE HEADING SOUTH

An eight-page up-to-the-minute report, from the nesting grounds and flyways, with photographs in color

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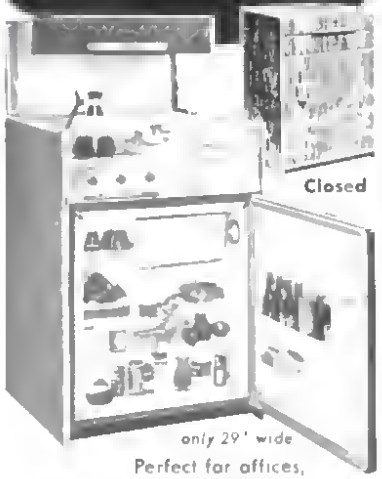
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SCOREBOARD

these faces in the crowd . . .



Robert L. King, top aide to Vice President Richard Nixon and time 1951 agent, has been named executive director of 1960 Winter Olympic Games. He will scout ski trails to organize gigantic athletic operation in California's scenic Squaw Valley.



Ann Roniger, 14 freshman girl from Glendale, Ky. won high jump at [illegible] meet, top all-around girl prize in [illegible] with 80-meter hurdles [illegible] shot put, tied for 3rd in 200-meter [illegible] and ran anchor leg for 3:58.3 relay mile. AAU women's [illegible] at Emporia.

RECORD BREAKERS

Jimmy Epperson of Fort Worth and **Ken Sorenson** of Los Angeles buzzed their Sunset Lake, Okla. circuit course for new records in NHA world championships for modified stocks at Corpus Christi, Tex. 5 & 6 but temperamental engines in later heats kept both from winning titles. Epperson set mark of 46.392 mph in Class A runabout; Sorenson's best speed was 49.943 mph in Class B hydro.

Coaxican, Robert Meltzner's brown son of Dusty Song, became third pacer others: Grand Counsel, Torpid in track two minutes, sidewheeling mile in 1:59.4 in overnight races at Lexington, Ky. for new world mark for 2-year-old pacing geldings. Tie 1

BASEBALL

New York Yankees and **Milwaukee Braves** were all tied up tighter than any youngster's pony tail after first four games of World Series. Yankees drove *Left-hander* Warren Spahn to cover in opener, squeezed out 3-1 victory behind Whitey Ford's expert five-hit pitching. Braves' jittery Lew Burdette looked even surer and gamer, got some holding "help" from New York's Mickey Mantle and Tony Kubek, to win 4-2. Yankee power, only whisper ing in first two games, began to assert itself as Series moved to Milwaukee, where hometown boy Kubek and Mantle made up for their shoddy fielding with home run blasts, two by Kubek, one by Mantle, to climb all over Braves 12-3. Don Larsen, coming in to relieve Starter Bob Turley in second inning, picked up where he left off in perfect game last October, retired first seven batters he faced, allowed only five hits in 7⅔ innings. Fourth game was real thriller, gave Spahn chance to get even when Eddie Matthews slammed two-run homer in 10th to beat Yanks 7-6 after Elston Howard's Mercy-ball home run with two on, two out in ninth tied score at 4-4, pushed it into extra inning. Next day Braves won 1-0 to go ahead three games to two.

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma [illegible] and stumbling for a half to [illegible] No. 1 ranking in time to clinch Big 8 [illegible] Sooners [illegible] Notre Dame, Michigan State and Michigan [illegible] in third period to beat Penn State 27-11, ousting Notre Dame [illegible] Michigan State took turn to defeat Oklahoma 19-0. Michigan [illegible] Iowa 26-0, Minnesota 20-14, Purdue 21-17, Iowa over Washington State 20-13, Oregon State over Northwestern 22-11, Ohio State over Washington 17-7, Pitt over USC 20-14, Rice over Stanford 34-7, Oregon over UCLA 21-0, Duke over Maryland 21-0, Texas A&M over Missouri 28-0. Day's biggest upsets were turned in by North Carolina, 13-7 winner over Navy; South Carolina, which shocked Texas 27-21; Brown, bouncing back from loss to Columbia in time to surprise Yale 21-20; Miami of Florida, which turned back Baylor 13-7 for regional report, *see page 76.*

Cleveland and **Baltimore** were perched proudly atop **NFL** standings *see page 73* but hottest pat on luck was reserved for San Francisco 49ers and Quarterback Y. A. Tittle, who initiated 9,637 fans at Kezar Stadium with 23-20 upset of Los Angeles Rams. Razor sharp Tittle lofted three touchdown passes, last one to Rookie R. C. Owens in final quarter for winning points. Owens had scored the second victory, putting foot, Lou Groza, that is for three field goals, two conversions, to Pittsburgh 23-12 to move to top of Eastern Division. Baltimore's surprising Colts, with Quarterback John Unitas passing for two scores, dished Chicago Bears 21-10 to head up Western Division. In other games, fumbling New York Giants were hard pressed to beat Philadelphia Eagles 24-20, to be [illegible] Washington's rookies Ed Sutton and Don Bosseler, starred in L. A.'s victory over Chicago Cards. The Cards won one, losing Green Bay 21-21.

GOLF

British pros, stymied from shut-out in Scotch foursomes by determined playing of Captain Dai Rees (*see below*) and Ken Bousfield, opened strong in fourball matches, 4 sticks of U.S. pollers who lost thrice to play ended at Limerick, create in Worcester, England. But Britishers Rees, Bousfield, Peter Mills, Eric Brown, Bernard Hunt and Christy O'Connor struck back with great spirit and 3 victories of frustration, shelled Ames Tommy Bolt, Ted Kroll, Dow Finsterwald, Sam Snead, Doug Ford, Lionel Hebert, Cary Middlecoff, Jerry Barber, Fred Hawkins, Art Wall and Jack Burke, 4 to 1.

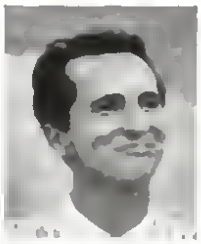
focus on the deed . . .



HEAD UP, Britain's Dai Rees blasts one down fairway to help his partner, Ken Bousfield, defeat America's Art Wall and Fred Hawkins on way to Ryder Cup victory.



HEAD FORWARD, Giants' Don Heinrich (*11*) follows Guard Bill Austin over goal line despite the best efforts of Eagles Marion Campbell (*78*) and Abe Gibron (*64*).



Luis Miguel Dominguin, 31, daring *torero* whose retirement at 27 grieved and offended many Spaniards, made his first appearance in seven years in main Madrid ring after comeback season in France and provinces, drew hails of "the undoubted master."

victories in eight singles matches for 7-4 triumph and first Ryder Cup since 1933. Enthused one staid spectator: "It's like another Waterloo."

Clark Kapic, 58-year-old Indianapolis advertising executive who lost 1956 final to 59-year-old Fred Wright of Watertown, Mass., was in danger of repeating until his putter turned red-hot on back nine, helped him defeat Wright 2 and 1 for USGA senior championship at Paramus, N.J.

BOXING

Yama Bahama, unranked West Indian middleweight, chased weaving, backtracking Del Flanagan until he caught him, piled up enough points with jolting left to win dull 10-rounder at Chicago *(see below)*.

NBA played give-and-take with new Middleweight Champion Carmen Basilio, naming him Boxer of Month for his "courageous and victorious performance" against Sugar Ray Robinson and stripping him of his welterweight crown. NBA also tapped Tony De Marco, Isaac Logart, Vince Martinez and Gil Turner as leading contenders, proposed elimination tournament to fill vacant title. Sharkey AA, Boston outlet of IBC, chimed in with its own settlement, announced De Marco and fifth-ranked Virgil Akins would meet at Boston Garden Oct. 25 for "world welterweight title."

Matchmaker Georgy Parnassus took step to settle disputed world bantamweight title, signed NBA Champion Raul (Raton) Macias of Mexico and World Boxing Committee Champion Alphonse Halimi of France for TV 15-rounder at Los Angeles' Wrigley Field Nov. 6.

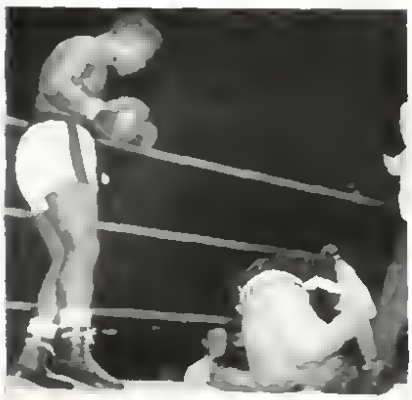
HOCKEY

Detroit's Gordie Howe and New York's Dean Prentice whisked third-period shots past Montreal Goalie Jacques Plante to break 3-3 deadlock and give talented NHL All-Stars 5-3 victory over Canadiens in preseason exhibition before 13,002 at Montreal.

HORSE RACING

Frenchman Raoul Meyer's Orosa, off and running hard, held pace when favored Tanerko faded, outdueled Deniay, another outsider, to finish first by half length in Prix de L'Arc de Triomphe which attracted more than 100,000 elegantly togged-out spectators to Paris' Longchamp track. Four-year-old Orosa earned

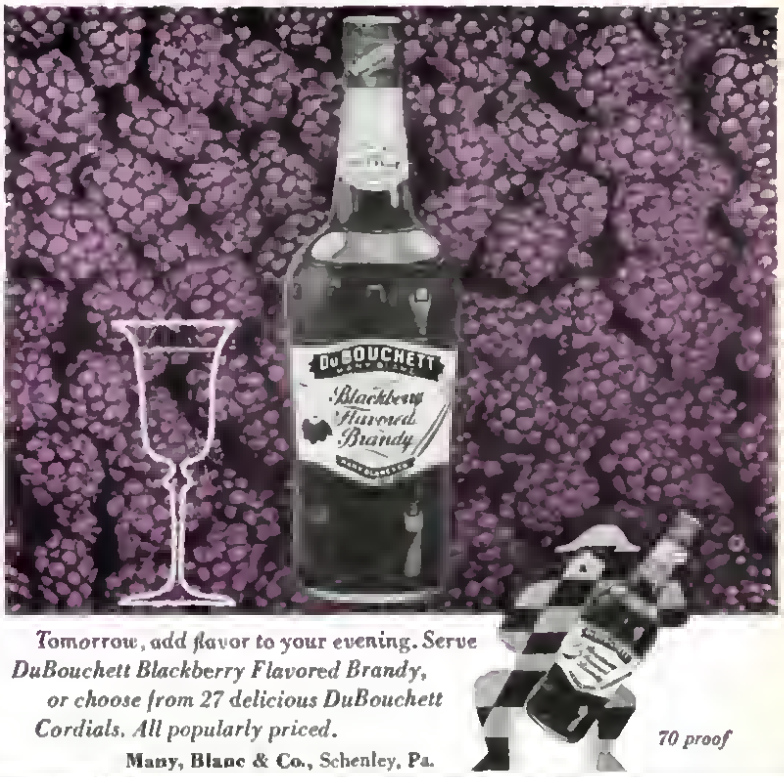
continued



HEAD DOWN, Middleweight Del Flanagan goes into backward somersault after missing punch in ninth as surprised Winner Yama Bahama watches action at Chicago.

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SCOREBOARD

continued



Norman Ream, 37-year-old artist who goes in for lung-diving in big way, descended 370 feet in waters off California's Catalina Island for unofficial world record, managed wan smile after spending 38 hours in compression chamber being treated for bends.

$114,000 for owner, 53 to 1 payoff for lucky bettors, satisfaction for Jockey Serge Boullenger, France's top rider in 1956 who was on 24-hour pass from army base. C. V. Whitney's Career Boy, solidly boxed at start, never was in contention, finished far back in ruck. Jockey Sam Boulmatis had no excuses: "I had no place to go at first. Later on I had plenty of room But Career Boy didn't run fast enough."

Reneged, big bay 4-year-old, proved to be best of second-flight horses at Belmont, brushing off challenging Cavort in stretch to win $55,400 Manhattan Handicap by two going-away lengths. Race was last for Jock Whitney's Riley, who bobbled twice under Jockey Ted Atkinson, broke right hind leg and was destroyed on spot.

Billing Bear. Mrs. Cordelia May's sturdy 5-year-old gelding leaper, surged into lead at two-mile mark, pulled away resolutely to open up six-length spread over Evina, became first to win Rolling Rock Hunt Club's *$5,000 International Gold Cup steeplechase* twice at Ligonier, Pa., also qualified for England's Grand National.

DOG SHOW

Ch Shady Hill's Cavalier, 20-month-old black cocker spaniel who had never before reached final, strutted sprightly and confidently to take best-in-show at Devon (Pa.) Dog Show Association event, bringing joy to Co-owners Alan H. Sidaam and R. Kenneth Cobb, praise from Judge George H. Hartman: "A sound dog and a gay showar."

TENNIS

Sven Davidson, angular Swedish Davis Cupper, was hard-pressed by Vic Seixas in early going but turned loose his big game in third set to dispose of veteran Philadelphian 7-5, 0-6, 6-1, 6-4 in Pacific Coast final at Berkeley. Wimbledon and U.S. Champion Althea Gibson, looking better than ever, overpowered Louise Brough 6-4, 6-3 to take women's singles title.

MILEPOST

RETIRED—**Edward Lee Ballanfant,** 57, leathery-faced Texas, senior National League umpire who worked in four World Series, as many All-Star Games, after 22 years, in New York. Explained Ballanfant, "The old legs just can't take it any longer. Those doubleheaders just seem to get longer and longer."



RELAXING paratroopers of the 101st Airborne Division turn away from integration problems to help root Little Rock's Central High to a 46-6 victory over Hot Springs.



Fred Egan, crusty, twinkly-eyed Iowa Irishman who has twice won Hambletonian in his full lifetime, celebrated 78th birthday in fine style driving Cassin Hanover to victory in $50,460 Kentucky Futurity for 3-year-old trotters at Lexington.

FOR THE RECORD

BASEBALL
HOUSTON over Atlanta 4 games to 2 Dixie Series.

BOATING
ROYAL CANADIAN YC over American YC in 3 straight races 210 Class team match Rye N Y (NOA world championships Corpus Christi)
DEANIE MONTGOMERY Corsicana Texas Class A runabouts
FREDDIE GOEHL Quincy Ill Class B runabouts
DONALD JOHNSON Ft Worth Class C runabouts.
GORDON McDONALD Houston Class D runabouts
JOHN JORDAN Naysville Kans Class A hydros
TOMMY CHRISTOPHER Grenada Miss Class B hydros
BUBBA HALEY Blanchard La Class C hydros
BUD JONES Sioux City Iowa Class D hydros

BOXING
BERT WHITEHURST 10 round decision over Bob Satterfield heavyweights Toledo
JIMMY ARCHER 10 round decision over Tony De Cola welterweights New York
ERNIE (SONNY BOY) WILLIAMS 9 round TKO over Dave Welden lightweights Washington D C

FIELD HOCKEY
WALES women's all star team over Long Island All-Stars 6 0 Garden City N Y over Stuyvesant Field Hockey Assn 4 1 Rye N Y

GOLF
WIFFI SMITH St Claire Mich San Francisco Open with 221 for 54 holes

HOCKEY
AHL ALL STARS over Cleveland Barons 5 2 Rochester N Y

HORSE RACING
PROMISED LAND $28 850 Lawrence Realization 1¾ m by ½ length in 2 43 1 5 Belmont Hedley Woodhouse up
DECATHLON and LORD JEEP $28 100 John Alden H 6 t in dead heat in 1 11 Suffolk Downs Willie Hartack up on Decathlon Larry Adams up on Lord Jeep

LACROSSE
U S touring women's team over W of Scotland 14-2, Glasgow

TRACK & FIELD
JOHN KELLEY Groton Conn Natl AAU 15-hit hille in 46 36 Watertown Mass

WALKING
JOHN W HUMCKE JR NYAC Natl AAU sr 15 kil hille in 1 18 39 Atlantic City N J



BEAMING broadly as his fans burst into banzai, Wrestler Tochinishiki poses with Emperor's Cup after winning autumn sumo championship at Kuramae Kokugikan.



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Without question SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is *the* outstanding sports magazine. Its timely and well-written articles, together with superb photography, bring the reader closer to sport than ever before. I enjoyed especially Ben Hogan's *Modern Fundamentals of Golf* and Eddie Arcaro's *Art of Race Riding;* and as an athlete I could only admire the perfection of performance they so accurately described.

Bob Clotworthy
Olympic Diving Champion

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

Of the nation's top teams, only Navy and Baylor fell victims to the upset last week. Oklahoma and Michigan State justified their high ranking neatly, but not gaudily

THE EAST

In the mountains of Pennsylvania last week, **Army** dished out football faintly suggestive of the Army teams of the early 1940s. Three crippling touchdown drives in the third period led by Halfback Pete Dawkins and Fullback Vin Barta—put the Cadets in position for a Lambert Trophy, perhaps high national ranking. Army beat **Penn State** 27-13.

The East's upset came when **Yale** fell to **Brown** 21-20 on a last-minute touchdown. The Bruins, now starched with confidence, may have the best chance of wrecking Princeton's Ivy title hopes.

THE SOUTH

After enjoying two Saturdays with the rinky-dinks, smooth-sailing **Navy** ran into first-class opposition, bowed to **North Carolina** 13-7. The huge Tar Heels, forever storming over the Middie line, alarmed Quarterback Tom Forrestal into passing the ball when he should have eaten it. NC's 240-pound tackle, Leo Russavage, plucked off one of these passes and lumbered 32 yards for the deciding touchdown.

Using pint-sized Quarterback Fran Curci on nifty option plays, **Miami** got back to business, upsetting **Baylor** 13-7 *(see page 39)*.

Duke thundered along the ground as usual, but needed crucial passes for the scoring punch to defeat stubborn **Maryland** 14-0. Halfback Wray Carlton, now the nation's top scorer with 40 points, ran one touchdown across, passed for another and kicked both points. His Blue Devils remain odds-on choice for the Atlantic Coast Conference crown *(see page 39)*.

Surprising **North Carolina State**, outrushed and out-passed by **Clemson**, still had ehmax runner Dick Christy to turn the trick, spilled the Tigers 13-7. Christy bolted 97 yards for a score with the opening kickoff (he went 96 with a Maryland kickoff last week) and teamed with his running mate, Dick Hunter, to set up last touchdown. In winning, the Wolfpack kept pace with Duke in the ACC.

THE MIDWEST

For 30 awful minutes in Minneapolis, some 65,000 fans feared the great 1957 Gopher machine might be taken apart before it had fair chance to get started. But hometown Quarterback Dick Larson, erstwhile second fiddler to the brilliant Bobby Cox, hushed these fears by engineering two second-half touchdowns in **Minnesota's** 21-17 triumph over fumbling Purdue. Slender Larson made the startled Gophers go with his key passes and slick option runs. In all, he had his hand in each of the three Minnesota scores *(see page 37)*.

Houston took pause from its big-time schedule to virtually ice its second straight Missouri Valley Conference title by squeaking past **Cincinnati** 7-0. Ferocious Cincy played its best game in three years, contained Houston's superb running game for three periods, broke open in the fourth. Houston now points toward a big one next week—Texas A&M.

As for **Texas A&M**, Bear Bryant is slowly whipping his boys into shape. Last Saturday they stomped through **Missouri** 28-0. John Crow, who had injured his knee in the opener with Maryland (SI, Sept. 30), returned to the lineup, but Halfback Bobby Conrad stole the show with a 91-yard kickoff return for a touchdown and 92 yards rushing from scrimmage.

THE SOUTHWEST

With the development of a fine, quick-on-the-draw line, **Arkansas** is a solid threat in the Southwest Conference. Badly outweighed last week by **TCU**, the agile Razorback line sliced paths for Halfback Donnie Stone and Fullback Gerald Nesbitt and wore down three squads of Horned Frogs in a 20-7 victory. Nesbitt's quick kicks kept TCU constantly on the defensive.

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

Some of the best passes of the season have spun through the thin air of the Rockies, but **Utah State**, one of the best passers of them all, used a running game to hold **Wyoming** to a 19-19 draw. State Halfback Overton Curtis led the ground attack with 113 yards, took the game's "best back" award from his teammate, Quarterback Bob Winters. Nonetheless, Winters plugged along as a passer, hit 10 of 18 and held his spot as the nation's best. He has completed 38 of 67 for 490 yards.

THE FAR WEST

Pittsburgh, taking methodical vengeance for the Oklahoma massacre, won its second game on the Pacific Coast, rumbling through poor-tackling **Southern California** 20-14. The Trojans mustered only two first downs in the first 39 minutes and were outrushed 270 yards to 53. Yet the officials were the most impressive ground gainers. They carried for 256 yards—142 against Pitt and 112 against SC *(see page 39)*.

Heavily favored **Michigan State**, with supposedly the best running attack in the country, showed unwonted passing strength in downing **California** 19-0. The Spartan air game netted 196 yards, all three touchdowns *(see page 40)*.

It was fine weather—for Ducks—as **Oregon** gamboled through a Portland rainstorm to trim UCLA 21-0. For UCLA, this was its first shutout in 21 games. For the Ducks, it was a leg on a Rose Bowl bid.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For Games of Saturday, October 12

• **Army—Notre Dame.** Both teams large, lean and unlocked. Will pass if have to, but are primarily ground-minded. An edge to the Cadets. ARMY.

• **Michigan—Michigan State.** Another battle between the unbeaten. Spartans stuttered in California win, while Wolverines won over weak Georgia. In a battle of the multiple offenses, a slight nod to . . . MICHIGAN STATE.

• **Rice—Duke.** Two more untested Titans tangle in Houston. Rice wrecked Stanford Saturday with the greatest of ease. Blue Devils unimpressive in Maryland win. Hard to figure but . . . DUKE.

• **Texas—Oklahoma.** Longhorns suffered unexpected loss to South Carolina Saturday, and Sooners were not too sharp against stubborn Iowa State. Both teams will be ready for this one, but still the Sooners. OKLAHOMA.

• **Princeton—Pennsylvania.** Quakers are coming despite two losses, but Tigers have arrived. Neither key injuries nor illness of coach can slow down their single-wing attack and stubborn defense. PRINCETON.

• **Northwestern—Minnesota.** Winless Wildcats were an improved team against Oregon State. Gophers just scraped by battling Boilermakers. Still undefeated . . . MINNESOTA.

• **Baylor—Arkansas.** Big Bears were waylaid by Hurricanes in Miami. Razorbacks continued winning ways over TCU. Now or never . . . BAYLOR.

• **Ohio State—Illinois.** Both teams bounced back with big wins. Unpredictable describes the Illini. Buckeyes in and out. But . . . OHIO STATE.

ALSO:

Miami over North Carolina (Oct. 11)
Southern Methodist over Missouri (Oct. 11)
Navy over California
Syracuse over Cornell
Brown over Dartmouth
Iowa over Indiana
Kansas over Iowa State
Georgia Tech over LSU
Maryland over Wake Forest
Oregon State over Idaho
Pittsburgh over Nebraska
Purdue over Wisconsin
Stanford over Washington State
Texas A&M over Houston
UCLA over Washington
Mississippi over Vanderbilt
Yale over Columbia

Last week's hunches:
16 right, 9 wrong
Record to date: 45-25-5

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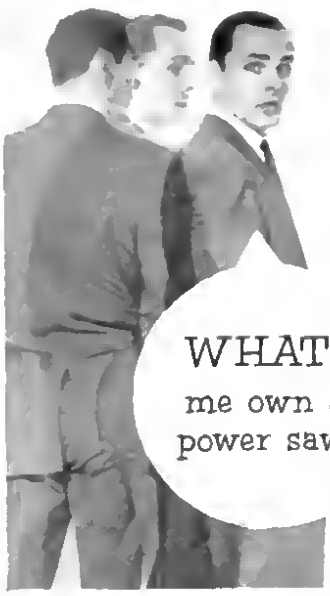
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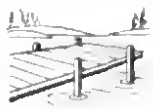
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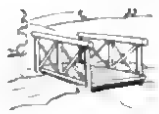
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PRO PARADE

What with the faltering start of his Chicago Bears and the Knox family, Papa Bear George Halas has had a lot to worry about the last two weeks. The Bears have lost two games in a row and, it appears, Ronnie Knox, too

George Halas, the gentleman who owns and for 30-odd years coached the Chicago Bears, is now an even-tempered man. He was known for a blazing temper during his coaching days; once, in a fit of pique over a pass completed against his team, he tripped the receiver as he crossed the sideline in front of the Bear bench. But since



RONNIE KNOX may never carry ball being handed him by Bears' Paddy Driscoll.

then Papa Bear Halas has mellowed. His Bears have, in the last two years, begun to resemble the Monsters of the Midway of the early '40s. His life is—or has been—tranquil.

Last week, Papa Bear appeared ready to revert to his early form. The Bears lost their first two games. And, to add to Mr. Halas' sorrows, Harvey Knox undertook to call signals for one of the Bear quarterbacks—a tall, handsome and very capable youngster named Ronnie Knox who has been a peripatetic football player.

The Bears drafted Ronnie this year. Someone said when Halas drafted him: "There are 11 cowards here and George Halas." Ronnie's stepfather, Harvey, had made cowards of the other pro owners. He had moved Ronnie through three high schools, two colleges and one Canadian pro club, seeking a coach who appreciated his stepson's talents enough to suit Harvey. When George Halas signed Ronnie this year, Harvey gave a press party in Los Angeles to announce the event—on Halas' expense account.

During the time Bear Coach Paddy Driscoll was trying to fit Knox into the Bear offensive picture, Harvey remained quiet. Ronnie, who can play quarterback or halfback, played neither very much, and Halas explained that he needed to familiarize himself with the Bear system. Ronnie, who says nearly nothing, said he was studying 16 hours a day.

Harvey was quietly stewing 16 hours a day and finally blew his top. He accused Halas of paying Ronnie only $75 for four exhibition games when he had promised $500, and Halas said the $75 was meal money, the $500 due at season's end. But George kept his temper until last week, when his team lost its opener to lightly regarded Green Bay. Then, on the heels of Harvey's blast, he suspended Ronnie from the club for 1) missing practice twice in 12 days, 2) missing three quarterback skull sessions and 3) being late to practice several times. The Bears lost again Saturday night, to the Baltimore Colts. It now appears a good bet that Ronnie's hopes for a big league career are over, although Harvey started sending up peace signals when he learned how firm Halas can be.

—TEX MAULE

X-RAY FOR LAST WEEK'S GAMES

	Pts	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pass Comp		Pts	Yds Rush	Yds Pass	Pass Comp
Giants	24	183	193	13 22	Eagles	20	57	16	5 12
Browns	23	106	154	11 19	Steelers	12	63	255	17 25
Colts	21	177	162	17 27	Bears	10	29	133	8 23
Redskins	37	247	180	8 13	Cardinals	14	76	147	7 17
Lions	24	249	84	9 20	Packers	14	98	119	11 29
49ers	23	196	122	7 15	Rams	20	184	217	12 24

LEAGUE STANDINGS

EASTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Cleveland	2	0	0	1.000
Chicago Cards	1	1	0	.500
New York	1	1	0	.500
Pittsburgh	1	1	0	.500
Washington	1	1	0	.500
Philadelphia	0	2	0	.000

WESTERN DIVISION

	Won	Lost	Tied	Pct
Baltimore	2	0	0	1.000
Los Angeles	1	1	0	.500
Green Bay	1	1	0	.500
Detroit	1	1	0	.500
San Francisco	1	1	0	.500
Chicago Bears	0	2	0	.000



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COMING EVENTS

OCT. 11–OCT. 20

■ TV ★ COLOR TV ◒ NETWORK RADIO

All times E.D.T. except where otherwise noted

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National Division Race Newberry S C

Boxing

■ Joe Micalle vs Isaac Logan welterweights 10 rds Detroit 10 p m (NBC)

Boating

International Moth Sailing Championship West Palm Beach Fla (through Oct 13)
Indian Harbor Stratford Shoal Race Greenwich Conn

Football

(Leading college games)
George Washington vs Air Force Academy (N) Washington D C
Miami vs North Carolina (N) Miami
Southern Methodist vs Missouri (N) Dallas
Tulane vs Georgia (N) New Orleans

Horse Racing

(Trotters)
Queen City Pace $20 000 Batavia N Y
The Realization $15 000 Westbury N Y

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12

Auto Racing

SCCA Road Race Sacramento (also Oct 13)
12 Hour Little Le Mans (small production cars) Lima Rock Conn

Boating

Governor's Cup unlimited hydros Madison Ind (through Oct 13)
Sahara Cup Race unlimited hydros Lake Mead Nev (also Oct 13)

Football

(Leading college games)
■ Army vs Notre Dame Philadelphia (NBC Eastern Regional TV) *
■ Auburn vs Kentucky Auburn Ala
Baylor vs Arkansas (N) Waco Texas
Boston vs West Virginia Boston
■ California vs Navy Berkeley Calif 5 45 p m (Mutual)
Cornell vs Syracuse Ithaca N Y
Dartmouth vs Brown Hanover N H
Florida State vs N C State (N) Tallahassee Fla
Indiana vs Iowa Bloomington Ind
Kansas vs Iowa State Lawrence Kans
LSU vs Georgia Tech (N) Baton Rouge
■ Michigan vs Michigan State Ann Arbor Mich (Mutual) *
Northwestern vs Minnesota Evanston Ill
■ Ohio State vs Illinois Columbus Ohio (NBC Big Ten Regional TV CBS radio) *
Oregon State vs Idaho Corvallis Ore
Princeton vs Pennsylvania Princeton N J
Rice vs Duke (N) Houston
Stanford vs Washington State Stanford Calif
Texas vs Oklahoma Dallas
Texas A&M vs Houston (N) College Station Texas
Texas Christian vs Alabama (N) Fort Worth Texas
UCLA vs Washington Los Angeles
Vanderbilt vs Mississippi (N) Nashville
Yale vs Columbia New Haven Conn

Horse Racing

The Champagne $75 000 2 yr-olds 1 m Belmont Park N Y
Jockey Club Gold Cup $75 000 3-yr olds & up 2 m Belmont Park N Y
Hawthorne Gold Cup $100 000 3 yr olds & up 1¼ m Hawthorne Ill

Shooting

NYAC Invitation Registered Shoot Travers Island Pelham Manor N Y

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 13

Auto Racing

NASCAR Grand National Division Race Charlotte N C
NASCAR Grand National Division Race Concord N C
NASCAR Race of Champions Langhorne Pa
USAC Sprint Races Reading Pa

Football

(Professional)
■ Washington vs New York Washington D C (CBS)
■ Cleveland vs Philadelphia Cleveland (CBS Sports Network Inc) *
■ Detroit vs Los Angeles Detroit (CBS) *
■ Chicago Bears vs San Francisco Chicago (CBS)
■ Green Bay vs Baltimore Milwaukee (CBS)
Pittsburgh vs Chicago Cardinals Pittsburgh

*See local listing

continued

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COMING EVENTS

continued

MONDAY, OCTOBER 14

Boxing
- Randy Sandy vs Gana Armstrong middleweights 10 rds St Nicks N Y 10 30 p m (DuMont)

Horse Racing
Ladies Handicap $50 000 3-yr-olds & up fillies & mares 1½ m Belmont Park N Y

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 15

Fishing
Texas Tarpon Rodeo Port Aransas Texas (through Oct 17)

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 16

Boxing
- Ralph Tiger Jonas vs Jackie LaBua middleweights 10 rds Louisville 10 p m (ABC)

Hockey
New York vs Boston, Madison Square Garden N Y

Rodeo
World Championship Rodeo $28 350 Boston (through Oct 27)

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17

Auto Racing
NASCAR Convertible Division Race Norfolk Va

Boating
Kissimmee Boat-A-Cade Kissimmee Fla (through Oct 20)

Horse Racing
Interboro Handicap $20 000 all ages fillies & mares 6 furlongs Jamaica N Y

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 18

Boxing
- Rory Calhoun vs Rocky Castellani middleweights Mad Sq Garden N Y 10 p m (NBC)

Horse Racing
The Spinster $50 000 3- 4- 5 yr-olds fillies & mares 1⅛ m Keeneland Ky

Football
(Leading college games)
Miami vs N C State (N) Miami
Tulane vs Mississippi (N) New Orleans
George Washington vs West Virginia (N) Washington, D C

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 19

Auto Racing
SCCA Race Beaumont Texas (through Oct 20)
SCCA Torrey Pines Race San Diego (through Oct 20)

Basketball
(Professional)
College All Stars vs New York Madison Square Garden, N Y

Football
(Leading college games)
Arkansas vs Texas Fayetteville Ark
- Army vs Pittsburgh West Point N Y 1 45 p m (NBC)

Brown vs Pennsylvania Providence
California vs USC Berkeley Calif
Cornell vs Yale Ithaca N Y
Duke vs Wake Forest Durham N C
Georgia Tech vs Auburn Atlanta
Harvard vs Columbia Cambridge Mass
Illinois vs Minnesota Champaign Ill
Iowa vs Wisconsin Iowa City Iowa
LSU vs Kentucky (N) Baton Rouge
Maryland vs North Carolina College Park Md
- Michigan State vs Purdue East Lansing Mich 2 15 p m (Mutual)

Michigan vs Northwestern Ann Arbor Mich
Navy vs Georgia Norfolk Va
Oklahoma vs Kansas Norman Okla
UCLA vs Oregon State Los Angeles
Washington State vs Oregon Pullman Wash
Penn State vs Vanderbilt University Park Pa
Princeton vs Colgate Princeton N J
Southern Methodist vs Rice (N) Dallas
Washington vs Stanford Seattle
TCU vs Texas A&M Fort Worth

Horse Racing
The Gardenia $50 000 2-yr. old fillies 1 1 16 m Garden State N J

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 20

Auto Racing
USAC 100 Mile Championship Race Sacramento
USAC Stock Car Race Birmingham
NASCAR Grand National Division Race North Wilkesboro N C

Football
(Professional)
- New York vs Pittsburgh New York (CBS) *
- Washington vs Chicago Cardinals Washington D C (CBS) *
- Green Bay vs San Francisco Milwaukee (CBS) *
- Chicago Bears vs Los Angeles Chicago (CBS) *
- Detroit vs Baltimore Detroit (CBS) *
- Philadelphia vs Cleveland Philadelphia (Sports Network Inc) *

See local listing



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Buffalo	Adler & Miner	Los Angeles	Robert Kirk Ltd	St Louis	Ryan
Burlington Vt	Miles & Riley	Lynchburg Va	Willi Camp Inc	San Diego	The Out of Shop
Chapel Hill N C	Stevens Shepherd Inc	Lynn Mass	Judd Inc	San Francisco	Robert Kirk Ltd
Charleston S C	Jack Kramer Inc	Memphis	Alfred's	Santa Barbara	Tweed at Lewis
Charlotte N C	Jack Weed Ltd	Milwaukee	Silberstein's	Santa Fe	Metro
Charlottesville Va	The Young Men's Shop	Morgantown N C	Lazarus	Saratoga	Men Quality Shop
Cincinnati	Arthur Block & Bro	Nashville	Mallemee's	Starrh	Albert Ltd
Columbus Ohio	The Fulton	New Orleans Terry & Imbert Co Ltd		Spokane	Pleonke's Ltd Shop
Dayton Ohio	The Metropolitan Co	New Rochelle N Y	Bloomingdale's	Springfield Ill	Arch Wilson Inc
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East Orange N J	Donald Burns	Norfolk Va	Fishback & Lee Ltd	Stanford Conn	Bloomingdale's
Fresh Meadows L I	Bloomingdale's	Omaha	Nebraska Clothing Co	Syracuse	Hotel Syracuse Men's Shop
Grand Rapids	MacKenzie Brothers Men's Store	Pasadena	Bayne Williams	Tucson	Andy Anderson Ltd,
Greensboro N C	Young's Dulee's	Peoria Ill	Howard & Heller	Tulsa Okla	McDougall & Co
Greenwich Conn	Ann Driver	Philadelphia	Gimbels	Univ of Va	Stevens Shepherd Inc
Hanover N H	James Coulson Inc	Pittsfield Mass	Rosenfield's	Washington D C	Arthur A Adler
Harrisburg	C J Cargo & Son	Portland Ore	Ray Becker	Westfield N J	Martlugh Inc
Indianapolis	L Strauss and Co	Pt Arthur	Hillcrest Ltd	Westwood N J	Martlugh Inc
Knoxville	Rich's	Richmond Va	Sutton & Lewallen	Williamstown Mass	House of Walsh
				Wilmington	Mayhew & Hellyson
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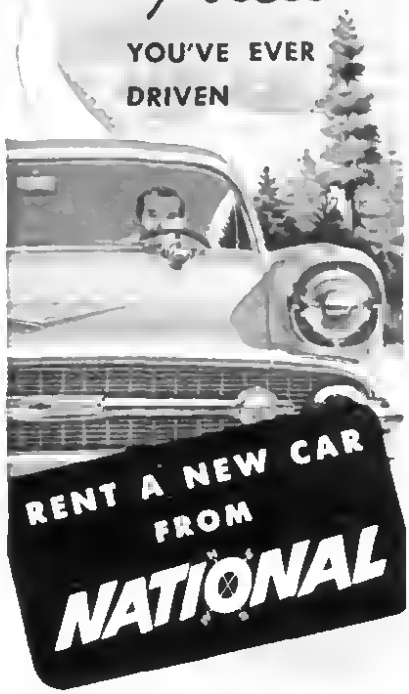


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FISHERMAN'S CALENDAR

SO *season opens*	**SH** *slightly high*	**R** *rising*	**FP** *fishing poor*
SC *season closes*	**H** *high*	**WT50** *water 50°*	**OG** *outlook good*
C *clear water*	**VH** *very high*	**FG** *fishing good*	**OVG** *outlook very good*
D *water dirty, roily*	**M** *water muddy*	**FVG** *fishing very good*	**OF** *outlook fair*
N *water normal height*	**L** *low*	**FF** *fishing fair*	**OP** *outlook poor*

BLUE MARLIN: PUERTO RICO **FG/OVG** as Puerto Rico's Fourth International Invitational Game Fish Tournament is under way with 20 competing teams. Eight represent the United States, six Puerto Rico, three Mexico, and one each Bermuda, Panama and Venezuela. Prematch angling lifted contestant hopes. Last week Ray Garffer, 12 miles off San Juan aboard his boat *Wimco*, discouraged a 428½-pound blue marlin on 24 thread after an hour-and-10-minute battle. Roy D. Warren of Atlanta was close behind with a 355-pound fish taken from Art Wills's charter boat *Sea Queen II*, while Ida Sierra hoisted a 233-pounder up the gin pole on the *Bimini Babe*, well-known sport-fishing boat owned by Robert E. Maytag, 1957 U.S. tuna team member competing in Puerto Rico.

HAWAII: **OVG**; past week saw 12 marlin totaling 2,811 pounds docked in Kona, the largest a 500-pound warrior outlasted in 50 minutes by Collis Johnson of Portland, Ore. Kona marlin may not be accepted as scientifically blue, but blue they must feel after such a week.

CHANNEL BASS: VIRGINIA: Virginia Beach area reported thick with channel bass to 10 pounds. Surf casters using clam as bait and **OVG** for week ahead.

NORTH CAROLINA: Surf and pier practitioners making deep dents in bass population as stiff nor'east winds have kept frustrated boatmen ashore. Last week Eddie Reber of Nags Head hefted a 15-pound bass onto Nags Head Fishing Pier while a few miles south at next pier Mrs. A. H. Bunting of South Norfolk, Va. landed a 44-pounder **FVG** also in surf from Kitty Hawk to Cape Hatteras and Hatteras Inlet as cut mullet is taking 25- to 30-pound fish. Nags Head Surf Tournament runs Oct. 18 to 20, and **OVG** for participants.

LOUISIANA: Bull reds from 15 to 30 pounds cruising passes in Grand Isle area, and **FG**.

STEELHEAD: IDAHO: **FVG OVG.** Run in Main Salmon in Chamberlin Basin area especially good.

CALIFORNIA: Klamath River very **H**, but steelheaders garnering 10- to 15-pounders on wobblers and roe; **OG.**

TROUT: NEW HAMPSHIRE: Northern state **FG** for browns and rainbows although Connecticut Lakes in Coos County still below par. **SC** in Coos County Oct. 15. Fat browns in central state rising to No. 12 Adams dry fly although still larger trout seem to prefer No. 12 Connecticut River Dick streamer on a No. 4 leader. Try the Blackwater River. Drought in southern counties has led to closing of woods in Rockingham, Cheshire, Hillsborough and Strafford counties, with fishing permitted only from boats and wharves where lakes can be reached by road.

MONTANA: **FG** now after cold snap, with legendary Madison along with Gallatin, Yellowstone rivers and Rock Creek in prime. Dry-fly artists are euphoric. **FP**, however, on blustery days as wind chokes streams with leaves. On lakes **FVG**, with Muddler Minnow fly the pattern of the moment. Recently on Georgetown Lake it creeled 16 trout between three and five pounds for Lee Elliot and his party from Rock Creek Lodge.

IDAHO: Light snow in mountains, water **N** and **C**, and **FVG** for fly-fishermen, particularly on No. 12 Renegades. Last week C. A. Rockwell of Boise, flinging Renegades and Grey Hackles, took his limit of 16- to 18-inch rainbows from Middle Fork of Boise near Twin Springs, and on South Fork of Payette, Douglas Hawkins of Tallahassee, Fla. filled his creel with 12- to 14-inch trout which couldn't resist Renegades and Double Grey Hackle Yellows, **OVG.** Lake Pend Oreille Kamloops and Dolly Vardens emerging from summer lethargy and striking No. 5 Johnson Kokanee Spoon. Kokanee don't seem to be enamored with Kokanee Spoon. Prefer trolled red and white Dardevles in small sizes, **OVG.**

CALIFORNIA: **OVG** in Owens and East Walker as 5- to 10-pound brown trout move up with no discernible sophistication when it comes to large flies and spinners.

STRIPED BASS: MASSACHUSETTS: **OVG FVG** at all famous Cape Cod striper baitwicks. Nauset Beach surf casters heaching bulls on Stan Gibbs White Darter with bucktail. Small Upperman Bucktail last week hoodwinked 27 bass in Cape Cod Canal for Mike Sylvestri of Boston. Cape subdued last week, however, when Boston Harbor produced a 62-pound striper for Bob Smith of Topsfield, Mass. during a night's fishing from Point Allerton.

MARYLAND: Eastern Shore spy advises secret to frenzied bass angling is to know man with clamming rig. Fishing from a dredge recently, Bill Burton of Baltimore landed 287 school bass in one day and released all but two. One- to 3-pounders are being taken by casting small Shad Darts or bucktails on side opposite dredging rigs, while smaller fish partial to hook baited with mano clam snout dropped right next to dredge. Stripers follow dredges to pick up smashed clams while anglers fish from dredges to pick up stripers. Larger fish to 9 pounds now near Bay Bridge and Love Point in Chesapeake Bay. Most anglers leaning to small Darts and spinners tailed with pork rind, but cut pork rind strip long and thin; **OVG.**

STURGEON: BRITISH COLUMBIA: Fish dealer Richard Buckholtz of Whonock, B.C. visited Fraser River last week with bamboo pole and 50-pound test line, and after 4½-hour marathon, in which friendly onlooker participated, beached a 480-pound sturgeon; **OG** for the stout of heart equipped with friendly onlookers.

WHOOPER TIME

The world's 26 remaining wild whooping cranes have begun to leave Wood Buffalo National Park in Canada on their annual migration south to Texas. Eight adults and two young have been sighted. Gunners along the whooper flyway, which extends through Alberta, Saskatchewan, the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma and Texas, are urged not to shoot at any large white bird. Whooping cranes have more than seven-foot wingspread, long neck, red crown on head, and wing tips are black. Young are buff, mottled with white.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

5—David [illegible] 6—[illegible] Maughlin Imperio Cozzi; [illegible] 7—Hans Kaufmann; U.P. 8—A.P.; U.P. 9—[illegible] Journal; N.Y.P. 12—U.P. 20, 21—[illegible] Hal Mark; Hy Peskin 22, 23—A.P.; Ruben Sturman 33, 34—drawings by Arpy 37—Fort [illegible] Oregonian; Trib. Co. 38—Richard Kline; [illegible] & Tribune 39—U.P. 39—U.P.; Dorothy Lee, Los Angeles Times 40—Ione Wilson; Capital Tribune from Gilloon 50—A.P.; U.P. 51—[illegible] Daily News 55—Jerry Cooke 56, 58—[illegible] 70 72—Charles Phelps 76—Fons Jansen 79—Don Wong 80—Richard Meyer 84—[illegible]



There was only one Christopher Columbus...

[illegible] has had its Christopher Columbus. [illegible] new industries, revolutionized old [illegible] the face of the Earth.

[illegible] employment for 70,000 persons [illegible] dollars in 1956) make it the [illegible] headwaters. Yet how many of those who make [illegible] sell them and of those who wear them realize [illegible] has been founded on three revolu[illegible] which the waterproof wristwatch [illegible] and that these principles are largely the [illegible] Hans Wilsdorf, founder of the Rolex [illegible]

[illegible] to award my chronometer

[illegible] was a joke. The public ridiculed [illegible] could keep good time. Hans Wilsdorf [illegible] the Rolex Oyster, he created a wristwatch [illegible] chronometer. On the 15th July [illegible] Rolex wristwatch only 25 min in [illegible] A certificate after 45 days of testing [illegible] different temperatures. This trial was [illegible] chronometers.

[illegible]

[illegible] of the watch. It was not until [illegible] the world's first genuinely waterproof [illegible] Miss Mercedes Glenze swam the English [illegible] Rolex Oyster on her wrist. Unaffected by the ordeal, it [illegible] the effectiveness of the Oyster waterproof [illegible] the Swiss Supreme Court it was found that [illegible] was the first truly waterproof case.

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[illegible] keen [illegible] the watches but they were large sized pocket [illegible] [illegible] by [illegible] chronometer mechanism and never satisfactory. In [illegible] Wilsdorf [illegible] the rotor Perpetual self-winding mechanism [illegible] the centuries-old problem of the automatic wristwatch. The ro[illegible] [illegible] this movement by [illegible] watches [illegible] 45

later, the Rolex patents having expired, the majority of Swiss watch manufacturers adopted the same principle for their automatic watches.

The wrist chronometer

Only those watches which have successfully passed the rigorous trials at a Swiss Observatory or one of the seven Swiss Institutes for Official Timekeeping Tests are awarded the title chronometer. Every Rolex chronometer is immediately recognizable by the Red Seal attached to it and each has its own Official Timing Certificate. In the past *thirty years* out of the phenomenally large production of Swiss wristwatches and movements, only 187,647 have been officially certified chronometers. 312,220 were made by Rolex, almost twice as many as all other Swiss manufacturers combined.

The most advanced wrist chronometer in the world

With Rolex's unique record of inventiveness and pioneering spirit it is little wonder that the world acknowledges Rolex as today's most advanced chronometer. The latest Rolex creation – the Daydate – is but the latest of Rolex's greatest achievement. It not only has the unrivalled accuracy of an Officially Certified Chronometer movement which has achieved the distinction "Especially Good Results". It is one hundred per cent guaranteed against wear, dust and dirt by the famous Rolex Oyster case. It is self-wound by the famous Perpetual mechanism. The date of the month in a vertical window magnified by the Cyclops lens, changes instantaneously and instantaneously every midnight. And, unlike any other chronometer, the Daydate shows on the dial the day of the week written in full, changing automatically and instantaneously every twenty-four hours.

The Daydate, the watch of the future, is now available. It is fitting that this chronometer which is perhaps the most advanced and up-to-the-minute of its kind, should be produced in the lifetime of the man who has contributed so hugely to the fantastic growth and development of the watchmaking industry.

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SPORTS ILLUSTRATED
OCTOBER 14, 1957

BRAVES' NEW

MAGLIE REPORTING

Sports Illustrated's special guest last week was Sal Maglie, who was ineligible for the 1957 World Series. Baseball Editor Robert Creamer sat with Maglie and noted Sal's inside comments as Milwaukee twice bounced back from shattering Series defeats. Their joint report follows . . .

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD MEEK, JOHN G. ZIMMERMAN AND HY PESKIN, LIFE

THE BRAVES came into the first game of the Series determined not so much to win, it seemed, as to prove to their critics that they were not awed by it all: by the idea of the World Series, by the immensity of Yankee Stadium, by the fearsome opposition of the New York Yankees.

The Braves were determined not to choke up and, truth to tell, they did not. That is, they did not lose the first game through nervous mistakes. But neither did they rise to the occasion. They played mechanically, as is their habit. The trouble was, the Yankees played mechanically against them, and the Yankee mechanics are the best in the business. The result was a methodical, rather dull 3–1 Yankee victory, of interest mostly to the student, the clinical observer, like Sal Maglie, who was fascinated by the masterful pitching of Whitey Ford and commented enthusiastically on his colleague.



COMMENTATOR MAGLIE was a frankly partisan Yankee rooter.

He's pitching right to the book, exactly the way he's supposed to. He threw good curves to Logan. Logan likes fast balls. He had Mathews chasing the low curve on the three-and-two pitch. Mathews will do that. Everything. He's a good pitcher.

Hank Bauer doubled to deep right center field in the fifth inning to drive in the first Yankee run, and in the sixth Andy Carey took a short chop swing and lifted a little single into center for the second run. Maglie said:

You see what Spahn is trying to do? He's pitching away from everybody. You have to go to the opposite field against him. That's what Bauer did. Carey didn't try to pull either. He just stuck his bat out and met the ball and there's another run. You have to do that against Spahn.

Ford's big test came in the sixth inning, when, leading 1–0, he walked the first two batters. But then he struck out Henry Aaron on three pitches, the third a low curve well inside, got Joe Adcock on a dribbler to the first baseman and struck out Andy Pafko on a three-and-two pitch. Maglie said:

You have to do that to Aaron. He's going to swing and he'll go after almost anything. And he'll hit almost anything, so you have to be careful. Adcock, well, pitch Adcock close and then low and away and he'll never hit. But the way Ford pitched to Pafko, that was smart. Pafko fouled off two or three curves on the two-and-two pitch. He had his eye on Whitey's curve pretty good. So

continued

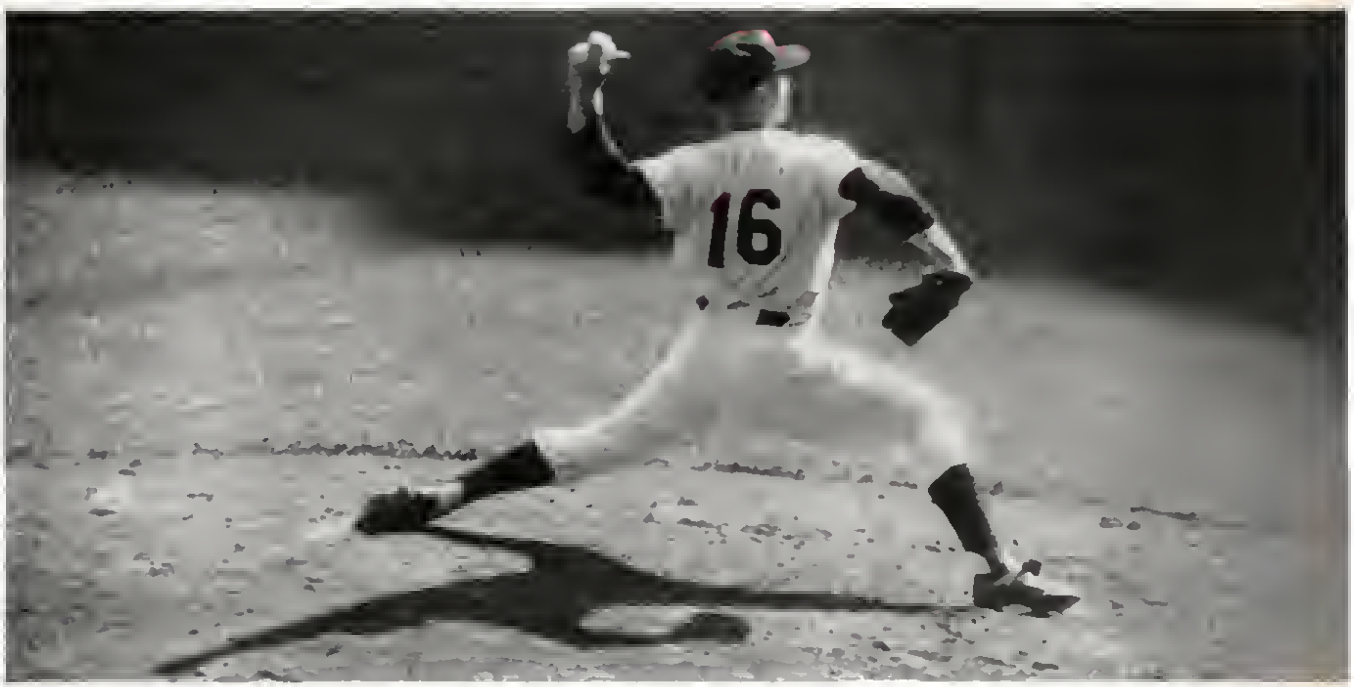


KEY YANKEE hitter was Jerry Coleman; he singled, doubled, bunted in third run.



CONCESSION: First game's most dramatic moment is frozen for the benefit of future

WORLD GAME 1 THE MASTERY OF FORD



ALWAYS IN CONTROL, Yankees' Whitey Ford started and ended the game by retiring seven batters in a row. In between he was tough in the clutch, getting Schoendienst, Aaron, Adcock and Pafko to go out weakly, each of them leaving two runners on base.



controversy. With one out in sixth, Coleman squeeze-bunts and Berra races home. Pitcher Ernie Johnson has the ball and, from this angle, it seems he had chance to throw Berra out. But, obeying Catcher Del Crandall, Johnson instead throws to first base.

GAME 2 THE ORNERY MR. BURDETTE

WORLD SERIES
continued

Whitey threw him a fast ball, high and outside, just to let Andy see it, just to get his eye off the curve. Then he came right back with the curve and Andy missed it. That's pretty good pitching.

The next day, in a much more exciting game, there was pretty good pitching again, but this time by Lew Burdette of the Braves, who beat the Yankees 4-2. Burdette jittered around on the mound, tugging at his cap, bringing his hand up to his mouth, across his shirt front, down to the rosin bag, fidgeting, following his pitch with a curious, characteristic little jump, getting that much tougher whenever the Yankees threatened. Maglie, who made no pretense of being an objective reporter—groaning when Johnny Logan hit a homer for the Braves, cheering when Bauer replied with one for the Yankees, standing with other Yankee fans in the New York half of the seventh inning—gave Burdette begrudging admiration:

He's a squirrel, but he knows what he's doing. He moves the ball around all the time, and keeps it low. He throws a fast ball, I think a slider, a screwball that he uses for a changeup, and the sinker.

Maglie grinned.

That's the one they call the spitter. It breaks straight down. He doesn't use it too often, just when he needs a strike and knows the batter will be swinging.

In the seventh, Hank Bauer swung awkwardly at a low pitch. Maglie exclaimed:

There it is now. The spitter.

Almost on cue, Bauer turned and asked the plate umpire to examine the ball, though later Bauer half-jokingly denied to Maglie that he thought it was a spit ball. "I just didn't see it," he said. "I thought maybe he had a black ball out there, maybe one with a little tar on it."

The Braves' dormant power finally came to life in the second, when they scored. They got another run in the third and knocked Bobby Shantz out of the game in the fourth, when Wes Covington's single scored two runs.

Earlier, Covington had made a spectacular one-handed catch of Shantz's two-out line drive with two men on base. The catch saved at least two runs and received wide acclaim from newspaper and television commentators. Maglie did not agree:

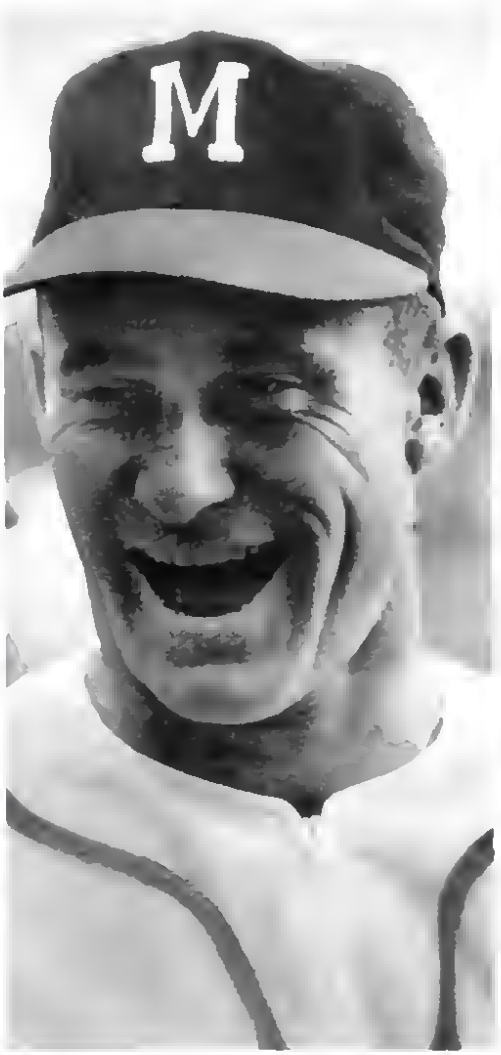
It was a nice catch, but he should have had it in his lap. He was playing in too close for Shantz. Shantz is a good hitter. He misjudged the ball. He didn't get started in time. That wasn't a great catch. He was lucky.

Later, however, Maglie gave high praise to Joe Adcock for a play that was relatively unnoticed. Adcock took a grounder and threw to second base hard just in time to force Mickey Mantle. The next batter followed with a double that would have scored Mickey

continued



SCAMPERING SHORTSTOP Johnny Logan of Milwaukee, who hit Series' first home run, prepares to dive after ground ball hit over second base in ninth inning of second game. Braves, leading 4-2, were one out from victory, but Yankees had man on first.



CAVERNOUS GUFFAW of Pitcher Lew Burdette is reserved for clubhouse, home or anywhere off field.



SPECTACULAR CATCH after a slow start by Braves' Wes Covington saved two runs in second game. Covington also hit timely single to spark the winning rally.

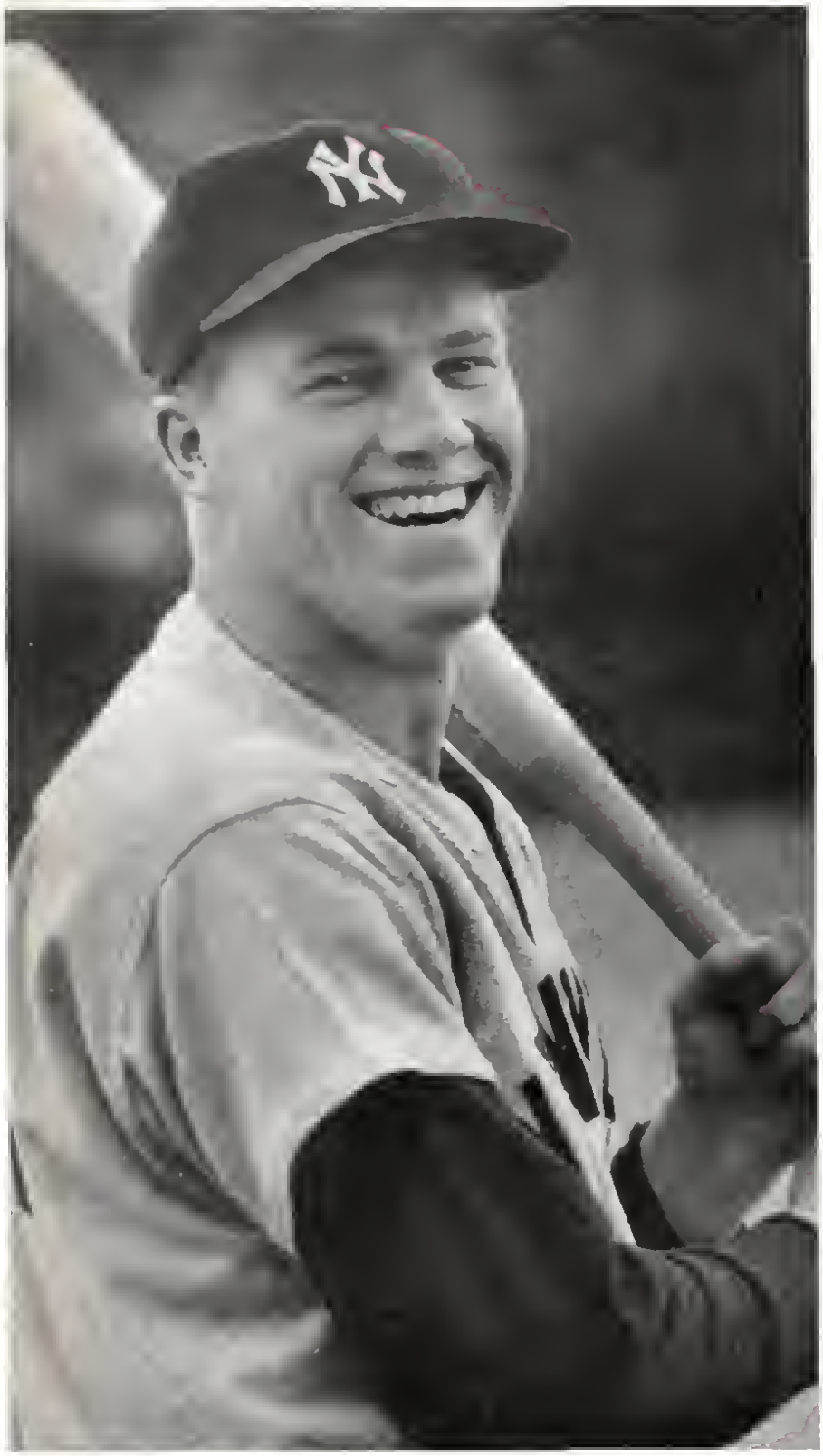


SPRAWLING IN DIRT after magnificent stop near outfield grass, Logan now has chance to make game-ending force play at second.



FLAT ON BACK. Logan does his best to throw. Although runner was safe, next batter grounded to Logan to end the game.

GAME 3 RETURN OF THE HOMETOWN



BOYISH GRIN spreads over 20-year-old Tony Kubek's face after Yankee prodigy, American League rookie of the year, almost wrecked the Braves single-handed in full view of 45,000 Milwaukee neighbors.

and brought the Yankees to within one run of a tie. Maglie said:

Yau don't expect plays like that fram Adcock. Especially when the base runner is as fast as Mantle. It saved a big run. It was a big play.

But though Maglie praised Adcock and athers praised Covington, the big fielding plays of the game, so far as Milwaukee fans and players were concerned, were two bad ones made by Mickey Mantle. Milwaukee tied Mickey to a figurative stake and danced around him, pointing gleefully to his feet, which were obviously made of clay.

The Yankees Are Only Human, it was proclaimed—a fact not previously accepted in Milwaukee.

Back to Wisconsin flew the Braves, leaving the Yankees to follow by train. Thousands of citizens drove out to welcome them home. Thousands more lined the streets. That one victory in New York that evened the Series at one game apiece grew larger and larger. We've Gat Them On The Run becsme the theme. We Aim To Finisb Them Off Here, said the Braves.

TODAY WE MAKE HISTORY roared the Milwaukee *Sentinel* in its World Series story headline. The fans' natural inborn resentment of the Yankees and the natural inborn affectian far the Braves had them cheering their heroes in County Stadium well before game time and drowning Casey Stengel in an ocean of boos every time he came aut to talk.

Oh, it was a great day for Milwaukee, until the top of the first inning.

Then, like a slap in the face, Tony Kubek, a hometown Milwaukee boy, hit a home run. It was bad enough that he was playing for the Yankees, but to hit a home run against the Braves. . . .

Maglie glowed.

He's a nice boy, that Kubek. He's going ta be a great player. He's a fine

BOY

hitter right now. He hits with the pitch and it's hard to fool him. His wrists are so quick he can wait to see where the pitch is thrown before he commits himself, and then he can push it to left or pull it to right. And he's never satisfied with himself. That's the sign of a good ballplayer.

Kubek's homer was the key that opened a Fibber McGee's closet of disaster for Milwaukee. Sal warned:

Buhl gets wild when he's hit a little.

Buhl promptly walked Mantle on a three-and-two pitch, and then threw four straight wide balls to Yogi Berra. Maglie nodded:

See? Not even close.

Buhl, growing more and more tense, suddenly turned toward second base and caught Mantle 20 feet off the bag. Buhl threw to Red Schoendienst, but wildly, off to one side, so that the ball bounced off into the outfield. Mantle barged into Schoendienst, who draped himself over Mickey's back like a sack of wheat in a not overly subtle attempt to hold Mantle at second. Mickey shrugged his troublesome burden off and sprinted down to third, Berra following him into second.

Buhl then gave up fielding and resumed pitching, allowed another run on McDougald's fly and a third on Simpson's single, and then retired.

The Yankees had three runs, and they followed with two more in the third, two more in the fourth, and five more in the seventh, when hometown boy Kubek hit his second home run (and returned to the Yankee dugout blushing in pleased embarrassment).

The Braves did not take all this sitting down. They took it standing up, on the bases. They filled the bases in the first inning, the second, the sixth and the ninth. And they left the bases filled in the first inning, the second, the sixth and the ninth.

The final score was 12–3. It was a miserable day for Milwaukee, but in a way it *was* historic. Milwaukee's pitchers had given up 11 bases on balls to tie a Series record, and Milwaukee's batters had left 14 men on base, which tied another, set 47 years before.

continued



DETERMINED YANK Mickey Mantle sends Schoendienst sprawling as he scrambles to his feet after wild pickoff melee. It was on this play that Mickey injured his shoulder.



SOPHISTICATED YANKS look like high schoolers as Berra (8), Coleman (42) root flying McDougald home during third-inning outburst which put New Yorkers far out ahead.

GAME 4 A DAY TO TRY 670,000 STOMACHS

WORLD SERIES

continued

OVERNIGHT, the misery abated. Sunday the Braves' new world glowed with the brilliance of superb baseball and broad, unbelievable but delightfully successful melodrama. Saturday everything went wrong. Sunday everything went right, excepting only the ninth inning, and that was all right too, because it set up the heroic 10th.

Warren Spahn pitched for the Braves, gave up 11 hits and five runs, but won the game, which pleased Milwaukee immensely. He gave up one run in the first and not another until there were two out in the ninth and two strikes on the batter, Elston Howard. The Braves meanwhile had scored four runs, three of them on a home run by Henry Aaron (who had driven in two runs the day before but who had left eight runners on base) and another on a homer by Frank Torre.

Thus, the Braves had a 4–1 lead with two out in the ninth and the bases empty. Then Berra rang a single into right field, and Gil McDougald, not trying to pull the ball on Spahn, pushed another single into right. Howard ran the count to three balls and one strike. He took a fast ball down the middle for strike two. Then Spahn aimed at the outside corner, but his aim was off and the pitch came in a little on the inside and nearly belt-high. Howard swung and hit a three-run homer over the left-field fence that tied the score and turned 670,000 Milwaukee stomachs into hard little lumps.

It was bad enough then, but in the first half of the 10th it got a little worse. Spahn gave up another run when Hank Bauer tripled deep to left center. The Yankees, the intolerable Yankees, were ahead. Milwaukee was utterly crushed.

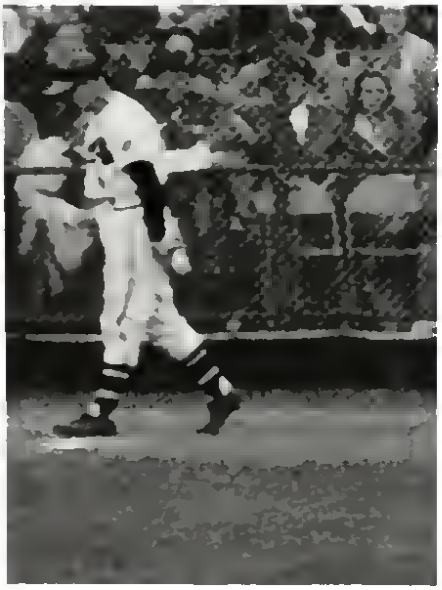
And then, suddenly, everything brightened. Nippy Jones, pinch-hitting, was hit on the shoe polish by a pitch. Casey Stengel came out to change pitchers and was lustily booed. Red Schoendienst, holding his bat as lightly as a fly rod, cast a perfect sacrifice bunt. Casey came out again, this time to put in a substitute for the sore-armed Mickey Mantle. He was booed again. Things were getting brighter by the boo boo. Johnny Logan pulled a double into the left-field corner to score the tying run. And Eddie Mathews lifted a home run into the right-field bleachers to win the game. Bratwurst stock rallied strongly, as 670,000 Milwaukee stomachs relaxed. Sal Maglie, the Yankee fan, was impressed this day by the Braves.

They played great ball. Logan did a wonderful job. Logan and Red, the whole infield. I never saw their infield look so good. They were alive. The whole team was alive. I never thought they'd come back and score in the 10th.

Mathews was a different hitter today. Remember when he swung at that first ball in the first inning? He'd made his mind up that he was going to be swinging today. In the fourth I thought to myself, I hope Sturdivant doesn't lay that first pitch in there because he's ready to swing. And, poppo! There was that double. And Aaron wasn't fishing today. Off Kucks he took four straight pitches just outside. And he took a change-of-pace strike. He was waiting for his pitch today.

Spahn pitched a good game. He tried to keep everything outside, just come low inside once in a while. I thought he was still strong in those late innings. He had to come in to Howard. He put a called strike down the middle on the three-one count. He had to come over the plate again. He had no choice. He had to make Howard hit. If he walked

continued



HUNCH THAT FAILED causes Casey Stengel to go to mound in 10th inning to wave in usually dependable right-hand relief ace



PUNCH THAT WON rockets off Mathews' bat so hard that chauvinistic Milwaukee fans are caught for split-second in stony concentration. Then came delirium.



UPSTAGED HOWARD can justify quizzical look, for it was he who came through with one of most dramatic home runs of series history only to discover that the best is sometimes not good enough.



SCENE-STEALING MATHEWS, for three frustrating World Series games just another ballplayer looking for his first hit, became a new Milwaukee legend with one mighty swing of a borrowed bat.



Bob Grim to take over for sometimes erratic left-hander Tommy Byrne (23), who had hit Nippy Jones on foot with pitched ball. Stengel's weird intuition proved fuzzy when Schoendienst produced perfect bunt, Logan doubled into left field corner and Mathews hit the big home run that put the game on ice, the stomachs of the tortured Milwaukee fans back in place, restoring their hopes.



GAME 5 IN LEW'S HEART A CITY FINDS ITSELF



THE MAN who won two games, Burdette, leaves field in the embrace of Covington, the man who saved two games, after Braves took 3-2 Series lead over the awesome Yankees.

him he was putting the tying run on base.

It was a rough game for the Yanks to lose, but it was a hell of a ball game, wasn't it?

But it was no better than the one the next day, Monday. Milwaukee's great Renaissance burgeoned on the wings of a civilized ball game of high skill. Gone were the extravagant deeds and outlandish drama. Instead, the Braves defeated the Yankees 1-0 in a game so neat and taut and clean that it excited everyone's admiration. Sal Maglie said it was the best game of the Series. Whitey Ford of the Yankees pitched with singular brilliance, walking only one man and allowing six hits.

Three of those hits were scratched into the scorebooks in the sixth. Fate decreed that Mathews would beat out a hopper and that Aaron's fly would fall safely. Then Adcock pushed a hit to right off a good pitch in on his wrists and the Braves had the run that defeated Whitey Ford.

Ford's pitching was actually superior to that of his victorious opponent, Lew Burdette, but what Burdette lacked in sheer style and finesse he made up for in heart, fire and a hero's luck. Maglie praised Burdette:

He kept that ball low again. He threw that pitch of his a couple of times. Maybe it isn't a spitter but it breaks down a lot sharper than a sinker, let me tell you.

The only time he came high they hit him, McDougald especially. That was Gil's hit that Covington took off the fence. That was a pretty spectacular catch, but I don't think it was a great catch. He made it, so you can't take anything away from him, but a real good outfielder would have caught it standing against the fence.

But he did catch it, and the Braves' once scorned infield added three sharp double plays to aid their Mr. Burdette to his great day. And it was his day. Lew's fine right hand may evoke controversy, but it was the prime force in shaping the Braves' new world and sending them eagerly back to New York for the Series finale. END

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EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

SPIKED SHOES ON MILWAUKEE'S WELCOME MAT • BASEBALL ON COLOR TV • HOW TO MISUNDERSTAND SUGAR RAY • FOOTBALL GETS THE QUEEN FOR A DAY • IN 1960, ROME

O'MALLEY'S ORBIT

THE Dodgers' moon-shaped and self-launching Walter O'Malley, who has been orbiting between Brooklyn and Los Angeles for months, beeping steadily to ground observers in both cities, has completed Phase One of his intercoastal operations: the Los Angeles City Council, which has spent weeks attempting to track him accurately, interpret his messages and weigh his intentions, voted this week to let him land permanently with his ball club. Unlike the Soviet earth satellite, which will burn up as it settles down in thicker atmosphere near earth, O'Malley is expected to remain cool, perhaps even cold, as he slips in through the smog. O'Malley, of course, was all burned up before he ever left Brooklyn.

STRANGERS IN PARADISE

ONE NIGHT last winter, as he toured the banquet circuit, Mickey Mantle addressed a capacity crowd at Eagles Hall in Milwaukee. "I've heard," said Mickey, "a lot of talk here this evening about how you'd like to see me hit in County Stadium. Well, all I can say is you just get those Braves to win the pennant and we'll be there."

It brought down the house and, in the atmosphere of good fellowship that prevailed, a sweeter dream could not be imagined. Last week, the dream was reality: the Yankees were there, Mickey had shown what he could do with a pitch he liked and Milwaukee had had its glimpse of what it had imagined to be a kind of pennant winners' paradise, filled not only with baseball, but with all the feasting and parading and singing that are the ingredients of *Gemütlichkeit*. Milwaukee found that, to the Yankees, paradise is a cold, calculating workaday world in which the only thing that matters is winning ball games, and the devil take the hasenpfeffer.

Milwaukee's disillusionment began with an incident at Sturdevant, 30 miles south of Milwaukee, where the Yanks refused to come off the train for a welcome (with band music) and only Mrs. Casey Stengel saved the occasion by milking a cow named Rosie that had been brought to trainside in the spirit of friendly feelings.

Then, when the Yankee train pulled into the Milwaukee station, another assembly of eager hosts was waiting. The players pushed on through the crowd, however, and Casey Stengel declined to pose for pictures with Judge Robert Cannon who, incidentally, had sat at the speakers' table with Mickey Mantle that blissful evening at Eagles Hall last winter.

Inflamed by stories of these Yankee brushoffs in the Milwaukee *Sentinel* (which relegated the Soviet moon story to page three), the crowd at County Stadium next day gave Stengel the loudest boos ever heard there, sat in hurt, atony silence through displays of Yankee prowess.

Later, Stengel denied that the Yankees regarded Milwaukee as a "bush town." Trouble was, said Casey, the Milwaukee brand of hospitality was just too much to absorb. The series, said Stengel, as the Yanks declined all invitations, is not a party.

Maybe that's the way it has to be. But as they say in Milwaukee, surveying the mountains of untouched cheeses, barrels of untasted beer and yards of undelivered speeches of welcome, das ist ein helluva note.

COLOR ADDED

BASEBALL has certain characteristics and color TV has certain shortcomings which don't mix well at all. The shadow that creeps across the

continued

CURRENT WEEK AND WHAT'S AHEAD

- **Bluebird at 275 mph**

 Persistent Don Campbell, still seeking to break his own water speed record of 225 mph, cranked his *Bluebird* up to an unofficial speed of 275 mph on Lake Onondaga. Since official timers were not available it established no record, but Campbell planned new official speed runs this week.

- **Boat to beat: "Hawaii Kai"**

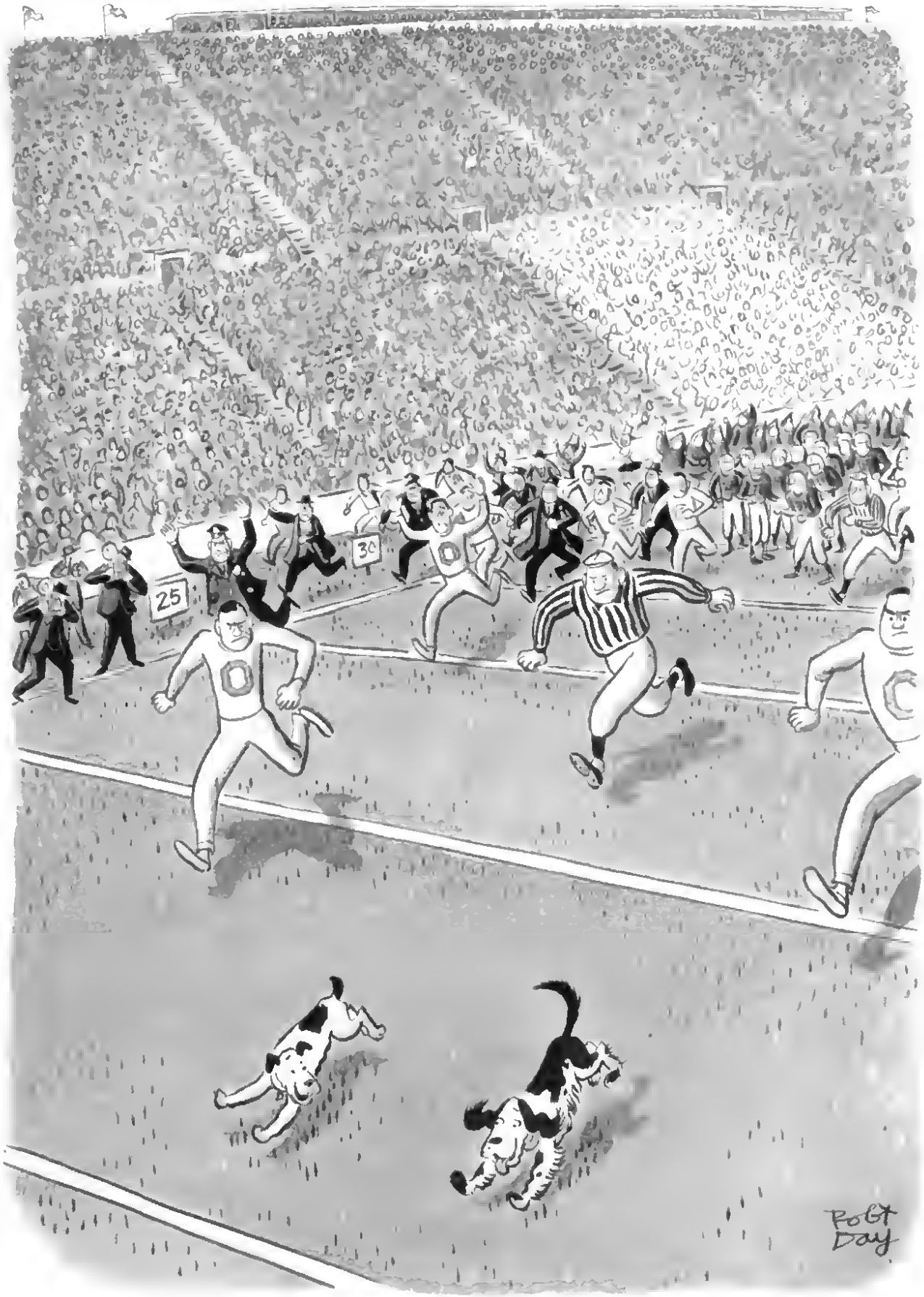
 Wind-up race of the unlimited hydroplane season will be held on Lake Mead, Nevada this weekend with Seattle's *Hawaii Kai* odds-on to take its fifth straight and make a runaway of the high-point title which it clinched when Bud Muncey's $100,000 *Miss Thriftway* disintegrated in the Governor's Cup regatta.

- **Impasse on the Matador Front**

 Mexican aficionados are gloomy over the prospects for the coming fall season of bullfighting. The Mexicans, whose matadors have had a difficult time getting good fights in Spain, have canceled reciprocal contracts in order to bring pressure on the Spaniards—but the cancellation means that no Spanish matadors will be fighting in Mexico this season.

- **Home Triumph for the French**

 For the first time in three years a French horse—Raoul Meyer's 4-year-old Oroso—took the climactic race of the French season, Europe's richest, the $155,000 Arch of Triumph stakes. C. V. Whitney's Career Boy was well back.



". . . not to mention another 10 million people watching us on TV."

infield, or the sudden shift of interest from the plate to center field, are precisely the kind of thing that the color camera is hard put to deal with. Still, it was inevitable that the great new medium would be focused on the grand old spectacle, and it was; and the fans who watched the first two World Series games on color sets received, along with the games, several impressions that weren't exactly baseball.

Sometimes, as the camera swung to follow a fly ball, the game disappeared in an explosion of colored light. After the stadium shadow got out to first base, the players there and the umpire seemed to be standing shin-deep in a



swift-flowing, deep-blue trout stream. Beyond them, the shadow was edged with a brilliant red border, and beyond that the grass was aquarium green, or sometimes Kentucky blue.

The Yankee players, in their white home uniforms, transmitted better than the gray-suited Braves. The red trim on the Milwaukee uniforms sometimes appeared to be detached and hovering in the air, two or three feet nearer the viewer than the man who was wearing it.

Reception—and reaction—varied, of course, with the receiving set. A sign in a bar on New York's Third Avenue offered, "See the World Series in Color." But the bartender volunteered that, having attracted his customers, he had been obliged to switch to black-and-white TV to keep them happy.

"Where the infield was in the shade you couldn't see the pitch. You couldn't see nothin'! It was like a night game without no lights. So I changed over to black and white. After all, we wanted to see the game."

But many a fan had better luck than that and stayed with both games in color all the way. Despite the sudden flashes of abstract design, the unworldly colors and electronic rainbows, the thing transmitted was unmistakably baseball.

SPLIT DECISION

THE DEVIOUS mind of Sugar Ray Robinson is expert in the useful art of slipping out of tight spots, in or out of the ring. Sugar gets himself into spots, mostly with his tongue, but he gets himself out of them, too. Last week he put the New York State boxing commission in the delicate position of deciding, as it seemed to somewhat bemused observers, that Sugar Ray's word was preferable to that of reputable newspapermen. It was a virtuoso performance on all sides.

Less than a week before he lost his middleweight title to Carmen Basilio, Sugar Ray told Mike Wallace, a TV interviewer who also does a newspaper column, that he had been offered "quite a few large sums of money" to take dives. This went on all through his career, he repeated and elaborated in the presence of some 15 newspapermen. "I have had many offers of bribes throughout my career," he said proudly, "including one by a man still prominent in boxing."

Hauled before the commission, as he had been when he made somewhat the same statement in 1947, Sugar Ray vowed he had been "misinterpreted," which is a graceful avoidance of the word "misquoted." From time to time, he said, "cracks" would be made in his presence to the effect that he could make more money losing than winning, but no direct bribe offers ever had been made and anyone who said he had said that was misinterpreting him, regardless of what he had said.

As for the man "still prominent in boxing," he reluctantly named Al Weill, manager of Rocky Marciano. ("How dare he!" stormed Weill.) It was just hearsay, though, Robinson insisted. Weill never did offer him a bribe. Shortly before an eventually canceled bout with a Weill fighter, three strangers approached his associate George Gainford, and offered to bet $25,000 that Robinson would not make the weight. Later, he went on, these three gents were described to him as "friends of Weill."

Two of the newspapermen, Murray Rose of the Associated Press and Harold Weissman of the New York *Mirror*, testified they had quoted Robinson correctly and implied that everybody else had, too. Recalled, Robinson insisted that these two, and all the other reporters, had "misunderstood" him.

The commission mulled it over and then Chairman Julius Helfand handed down an opinion that "on the whole all that appears to us is that there is a difference in interpretation." That was all Sugar Ray wanted to appear.

"We feel," Helfand went on with a punitive glare at Robinson, "that a prominent athlete should be most careful in making statements that can be misinterpreted, as he says happened in this instance."

The advice was taken immediately, not so much by Robinson as by George Gainford, who pulled his fighter away from an impromptu post-hearing interview in which Sugar Ray had only time to say that he had not "given any thought" to a return match with Carmen Basilio. It was a remark which could be misinterpreted to mean several things, but who wants to bother?

ANTICIPATION IN MARYLAND

QUEEN ELIZABETH and Prince Philip, paying a state visit to these shores, will see their first game of American football on October 19—North Carolina vs. Maryland—from a special box on the 50-yard line at Maryland's Byrd Stadium. Plans call for the box to be tented with clear plastic in the event of rain. This may seem a trifle oversolicitous, since Elizabeth and Philip are accustomed to outdoor ceremonies in rainy country, but the University of Maryland is anxious to be a good host.

"We've been working on a special cheer for them," said Cheerleader Captain Judy Eberts the other day. "Of course, we've got a regular welcome cheer but that's not good enough for this occasion. We felt we should have something really special. The first thing we thought of was maybe spelling out queen—you know, Q-U-E-E-N—and then going down into a curtsy and jumping back up with ELIZABETH. But then we thought maybe that wouldn't be dignified. Anyway, that



wouldn't be doing anything for Philip. He really stumps us. We don't know what to do about him. What we really ought to have is some sort of a deal that would include both of them."

The man with the deal, though, is Howard Miller, Maryland student government president. Miller, an accounting major, will be the only student permitted to sit in the royal box, and at his side will be the date of his choice.

"I've had many fine offers," said Miller loftily. "It's a very enviable position to be in, to be sure."

Miller was so taken with the idea, in fact, that his first choice for a date was Marilyn Elaine Van Derbur, the new Miss America. Unfortunately, she had to decline because of another

continued

engagement. Meanwhile, Maryland coeds have heen giving Miller the rush of his career. But they rush in vain.

"I wouldn't want it to he generally known around here at the present moment," Miller confided, "but I've already got a date, and the girl isn't a student here."

Two other privileged students are Jack Healy and Gene Alderton, cocaptains of the foothall team. They will receive the football from Queen Elizaheth during the pregame ceremonies.

"I'm really excited," Healy said. "It's going to be one of the highest honors I've ever had. But you know, my grandfather, Thomas Hogan, had to leave Ireland hecause he hauled down the English flag in his town square and burned it. That was 50 years ago, though. I hope nobody tells the Queen ahout him."

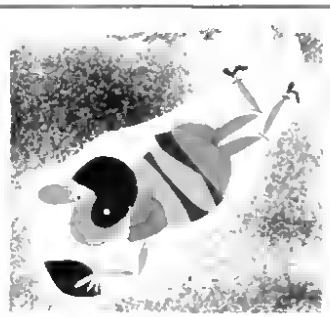
ALL ROADS LEAD TO 1960

THE International Olympic Committee, a wonderfully antiquated but curiously hardy sort of multilingual men's club, has now met in Sofia, capital of Bulgaria, and has addressed itself to an impossible task: cutting down the scope and size of the Olympic Games. They did so, after a fashion —although the effects of their labors will not he particularly noticeable at Rome in 1960; it was, however, fascinating to watch them.

Sofia, most placid of the satellite capitals, is a city where the bright yellow brick streets are hoth vacuum-cleaned and hosed down at night. It hoasts a luxurious new Soviet-style hostelry, the Hotel Balkan, a building where the plumhing often fails hut where a corps of female servants is kept husy, night and day, straightening the long white fringes of the lobby rugs, and where caviar is ladled out as generously as heans in Boston. It seemed like a perfect background for the committee, which includes nobility (Denmark's Prince Axel, Italy's Count Paolo Thaon di Revel, England's Marquess of Exeter), commoners, Communists and nonparty members from the Iron Curtain countries.

There was less politically inspired controversy during the five-day meeting than might have been expected. The committee is absolutely autocratic. Nations or even national athletic groups do not send delegates—the committee invites whomever it chooses to serve, and if a Communist country forces one of its non-Communist nationals to "resign" for not adhering to the line it may well end up with no member at all. This odd power was dramatized last week by the presence of one Shou Yi-tung of Red China. Three years ago at Helsinki the committee, which has heard no word of Shou for six years, directed the Chinese government to produce him within three days. The Chinese Reds did so —but sent two policemen and an embassy man to the meeting with him on the ground that he could not speak English. The committee, which knew he spoke English well, refused to seat him. In Sofia he turned up safe and sound again and was able to leave his accompanying cop outside the hall, to take part for the first time in nine years and to speak English eloquently.

To say that all went smoothly, however, would be incorrect, if only because Russia's Alekse1 Romanov made vodka-inspired amorous advances on the dance floor to the pretty wife of a non-Communist delegate and was repulsed. There was also polite but incessant difference of opinion in official sessions. The Russians agreed grandly with the idea of reducing the size of the games and then asked that two more sports, archery and volleyhall, he added to the optional list (they were). Chicago's outspoken Avery Brundage once more sought stricter rules of amateurism, and with modest success: a proposed rule against direct or indirect subsidies from "government, school, college or employer" was voted down, hut the IOC went on record that any athlete who "gives up work for more than 30 days to train for competitions" is a professional. Moreover, a certain commendahle amount of whittling was accomplished—there will he only 140 gold medals awarded at Rome (as compared to 151 at Melbourne). But Rome is easier to reach than Melhourne, and there will be about 7,000 Olympians on hand there in 1960, or just twice as many as made it to Melhourne.



LAST DOWN

Our back started hard,
Then sank like a mole
That hole inside guard
Was really a hole.

—IRWIN L. STEIN

LOS BRUTOS

TIME and the advent of television have outmoded the gaudy broadcasts of college football games which electrified the autumn air each Saturday in the 1930s, but the apoplectic sports announcer has not gone unmourned—a good many graying fans find today's see-it-for-yourself reporting unspeakably bland and secretly yearn for the old days when every game sounded like Pickett's Hour at Gettysburg. They will be pleased to learn that the hair-raising play-by-play is enjoying one small renaissance, even though most of them could not understand a word of it; Albuquerque's Radio Station KABQ has begun broadcasting the University of New Mexico's games in Spanish—a language rich in emotion and superlatives—and at times the terror and bravery of it all are almost too much for human nerves to hear.

This soul frazzling, however, is exactly what the Spanish-speaking third of Alhuquerque's population expects of football. Most of Alhuquerque's citizens of Mexican birth or extraction are bilingual hut simply find the English-language broadcasts of games too dull. They do not mind at all that Announcer Fred Chavez finds himself almost impelled to inject such English terms as *el fullback*, *una formación split-T* and *el belly series*, or to refer to a dropped ball as *un fumble*. Chavez makes up for it. Players are *tremendos hombres* and *los brutos*. His descriptions are full of references to automohile crashes, rockets and atom bombs, and the home team rips, tears and mangles its opponents.

He has had one wave of criticism; when he announced that a halfback was hugging the ball like a haby his excitable auditors complained that he was heing all but inhuman, since a haby would undoubtedly he killed if carried into the scenes of carnage he describes. They had no objection at all, however, when he switched figures of speech and said one of *los brutos* was hugging the ball like a sweetheart. And nobody in New Mexico finds his football Spanish startling; football scores, after all, are also announced, over Alamogordo's Station KALG, in Apache and, over Gallup's KGAK and Farmington's KVBC, in Navajo.

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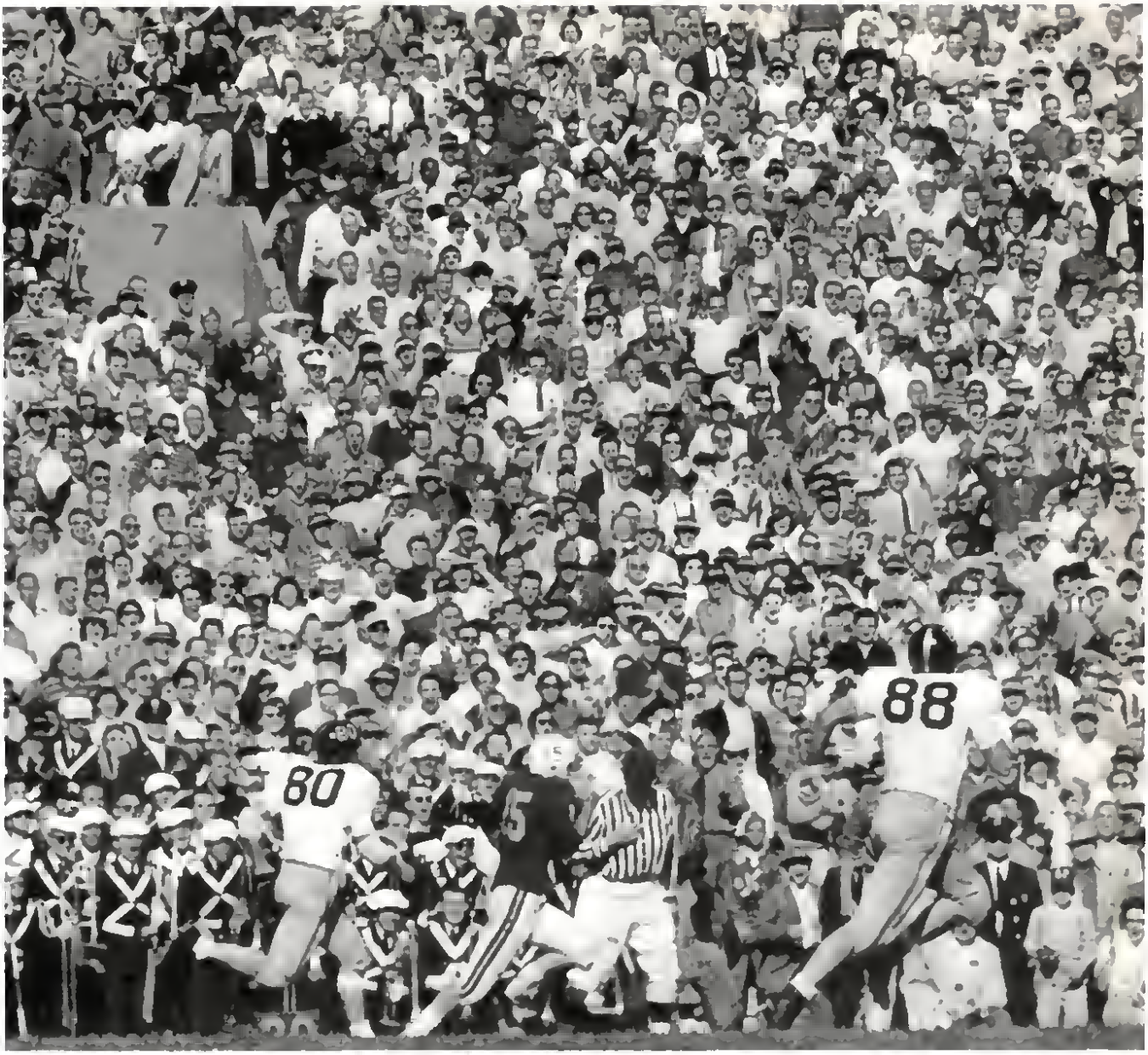
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FOOTBALL: THIRD WEEK

SPLIT FANS

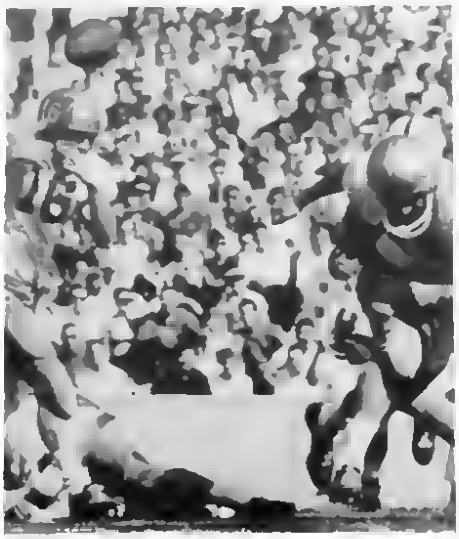
While the football fans above were going wild over this 72-yard run by Minnesota's Dick Larson (15) as his team beat Purdue 21-17, others divided their concentration between football and the World Series in Milwaukee—as told below

THE STOCKY man with the mustache, and his plump, blonde wife were in the upper deck of Northwestern's Dyche Stadium, roughly a quarter mile above the rather tattered turf where Oregon State was playing the home team. The couple was wired for sound with HIS and HERS earphones tuned in to a spot some 75 miles away to the north where the Milwaukee Braves were commencing the third of their series of entertainments with the New York Yankees.

The wife fiddled with the batteries in the tiny transistor radio for most of the first quarter. Her spouse gazed down morosely as big Joe Francis, the powerful, fast-moving Oregon State tailback, lofted a long pass to Halfback Earnel Durden. The wife pulled the back off the radio, removed a battery irritably and moistened the contacts with her tongue. Her husband moistened his throat from a jug, doing this stealthily because Evanston is the national headquarters for the WCTU and dry as a losing coach's throat. Francis skittered around left end from the Northwestern 10, and the score was 12–0. The radio began to work; the Yankees had scored and a neighbor asked Mr. Earplugs what happened. "I'm just giving scores," he said. The Beavers got a field goal and the Yankees led 3–1. The band played loudly at the half and Mr. Earplugs' neighbors leaned closer to hear his bulletins. By the time Oregon State marked up the final 22–13 margin of victory, the Yankees led 7–1. Mr. Earplugs still looked morose as the game ended. He stood; then stiffened, and his neighbors braced themselves for more bad news. "It's 12–3, Yankees," he said.

—HARRISON LILLY

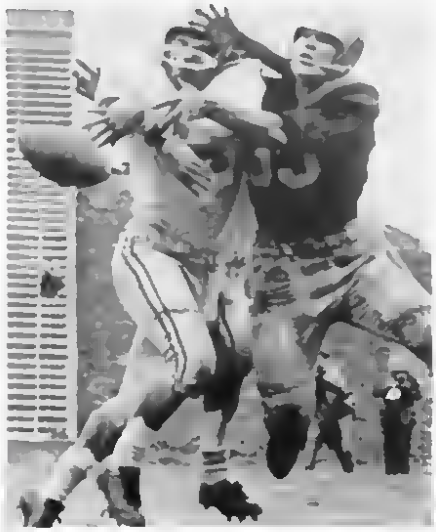
WHO HAS THE



NO HANDS: Iowa State's Dwight Nichols lost the ball here; Oklahoma recovered, went on to score and beat State 40-14.



ONE HAND: Wisconsin's Sid Williams finds the ball slippery, fumbles on goal; Wisconsin beat West Virginia 45-13.



FOUR HANDS: Ohio State's Richard LeBeau (*left*) knocks down a pass for Washington's Gary Eilers as OSU won 35-7.

HOW TO DO IT

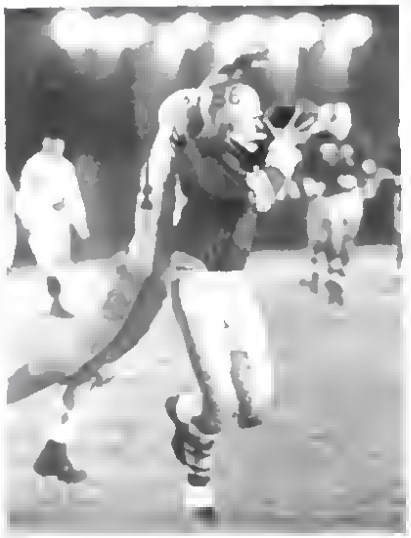
Blocking and deception make it easy for a back; here sophomore Ray Jauch of Iowa slips through a wide hole to score in Iowa's 20-13 conquest of Washington. A good fake by the fullback, plus key blocks by Jim Gibbons (88), Geno Sessi (blocking Washington State's 84), opened the door to a touchdown.



BALL?



HAND OFF: Duke's Bill Thompson balances pass on fingertips before dropping it, but Duke beat Maryland 14-0 anyway.



THREE HANDS: Don Voyne of USC juggled the ball until Pitt's Ivan Toncic knocked it loose on pass. Pitt won 20-14.

'I HATE TO LOSE'

Baylor Quarterback Doyle Traylor was not making excuses: "Miami wanted this one worse than we did," he said. He had been silent since leaving the locker room but now in the car, halfway across Biscayne Bay, he began to speak. "The option play Fran Curci ran, it killed us in the first half. Oh, they were a good ball club all right, better than we were tonight anyhow. But, damn, I hate to lose; I'd rather jump off the Empire State Building."

He was talking to Clyde Letbetter, Baylor right guard. The two were trying to figure out just how Miami had upset them 13–7.

"Well," said Letbetter, "I think that option hurt more than anything, 283 yards in the first half. That little Curci fellow had it timed perfect. Just when you got hold of him and thought sure you had him nailed—wham! he pitches it out quick and the halfback's gone to market."

It was true. Fran Curci, Miami's 143-pound quarterback, worked sleight-of-hand tricks with the football Saturday night the likes of which have not been seen since vaudeville days on the old Keith Circuit.

On Miami's first touchdown, the pint-sized sophomore held the ball until the last possible split second, fooling most of the fans and Baylor. Halfback John Varone was shaken loose for a 20-yard touchdown run on the play. The same option play, run again and again, gave Miami its 13–0 half-time lead on another Varone touchdown.

"Our ends were playing in too close," Lethetter explained, "and they were getting knocked off balance with brush blocks when they crashed. We just had them play a little wider in the second half and stop that little feller every time he tried it."

Baylor's ground game was practically nonexistent. The Bears netted but 10 yards rushing in the first half: "Miami was playing an 8 plus 9 man line on us all game," Traylor explained. "We had to throw."

The hard-luck Traylor, who has been sidelined by injuries in his previous three years of college football (SI, Oct. 7), played this game running a temperature and weak from the effects of Asian flu. But he accounted for the lone Baylor score in the third period with a 20-yard toss to Earl Miller for a touchdown. "I thought we had them then," he said.

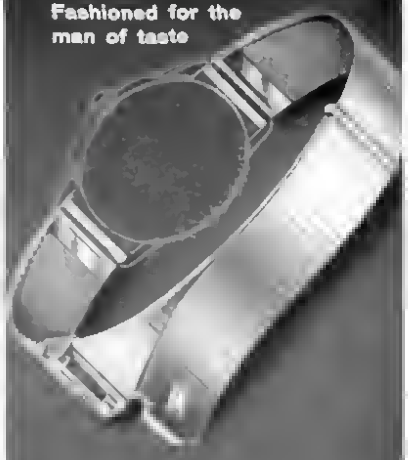
"But those guys just didn't give up," said Letbetter. "They kept after you. They wouldn't let you roll off and recover after they hit you with a block in the line."

"I wish I was a cussin' man, Clyde," Traylor said sorrowfully. "I sure don't like to lose."

—DON PARKER

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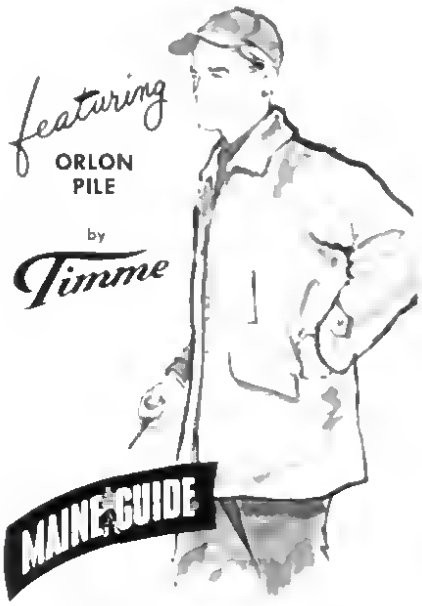
"I WON'T WEAR A THING BUT TOWNE AND KING!"



says CHICK SWAN, swoose fancier

GOOSE LAKE, NEV., Sept. 1—"Collecting swooses" stumped the experts, when Chick appeared on the "Guess My Occupation" TV show last night. "You get 'em," he explained, "by setting tame geese on swan's eggs. Geese fool easy." Nobody can fool Chick, when it comes to sweaters. When interviewed, he was wearing "The Swoose," a T&K origination, over a matching Townella Sweater Shirt. "The SWOOSE"... 8.95 TOWNELLA... 10.95

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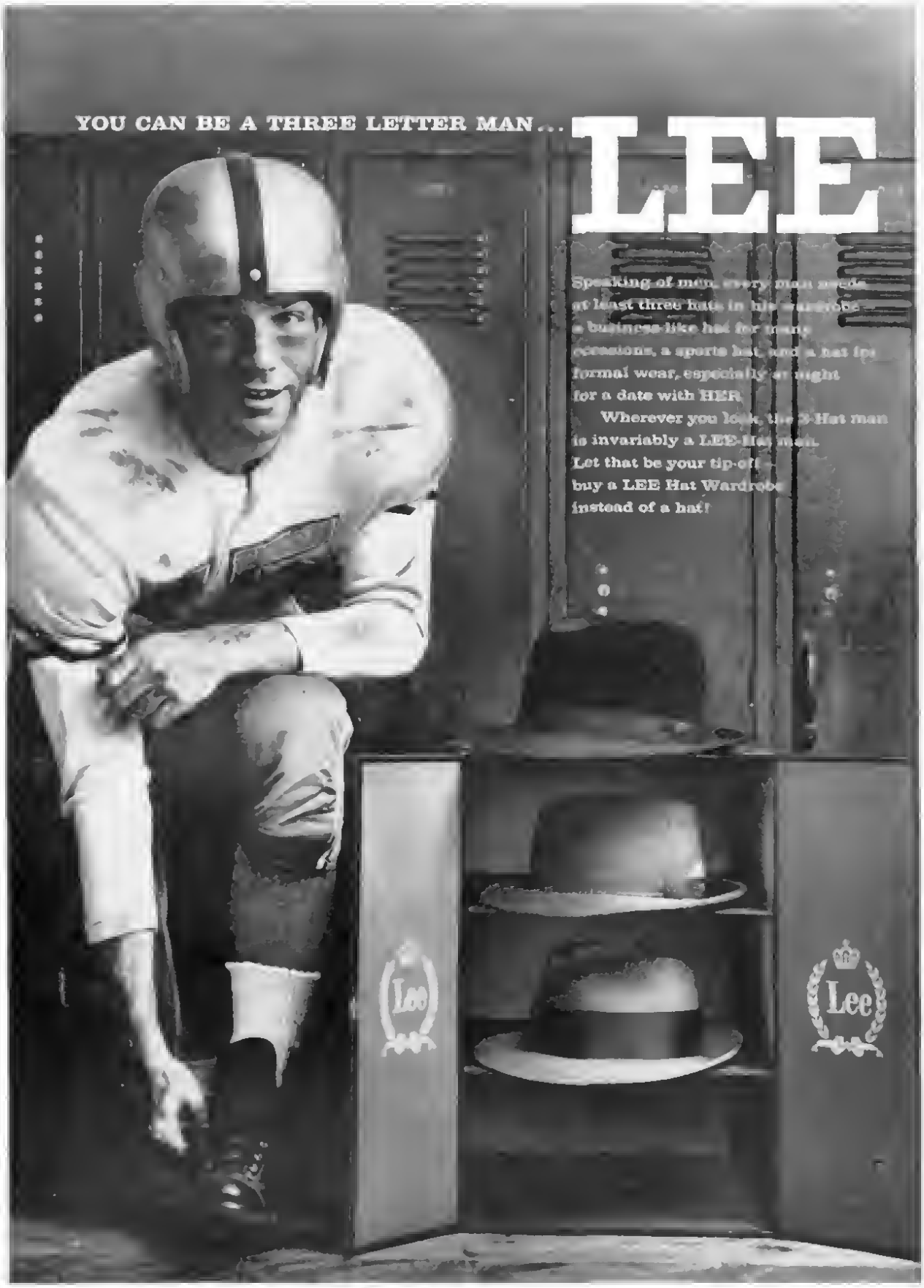


SPARTAN VICTORY, BEAR EMOTION

Soft-spoken, handsome young Pete Elliott is in his first season as head coach at the University of California. It has been a frustrating time for Elliott, who once helped Bud Wilkinson produce the meticulous machines of Oklahoma football. The Bears, while losing their first three games, have subjected their young coach to such sideline agonies as those shown above and below.

Saturday, in front of a national TV audience, Elliott might have found cause for hope. Against the hefty, deep and talented Michigan State Spartans, Pete's Bears showed flashes of strong forward thrust and used a very stark ground defense to halt the Spartan runners, but finally lost 19-0 to a whistling air attack which accounted for all three MSU touchdowns. Although Cal did not score, Elliott could draw consolation from the knowledge that his team produced the longest gain of the day on a Darrell Roberts-to-Jack Hart pass good for 63 yards. However, Pete's luck still leaves something to be desired: this showiest piece of his offense occurred early—before the TV cameras had left the World Series to peer at the doings in Memorial Stadium.





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by JEREMIAH TAX

Photographs by MARTIN NATHAN

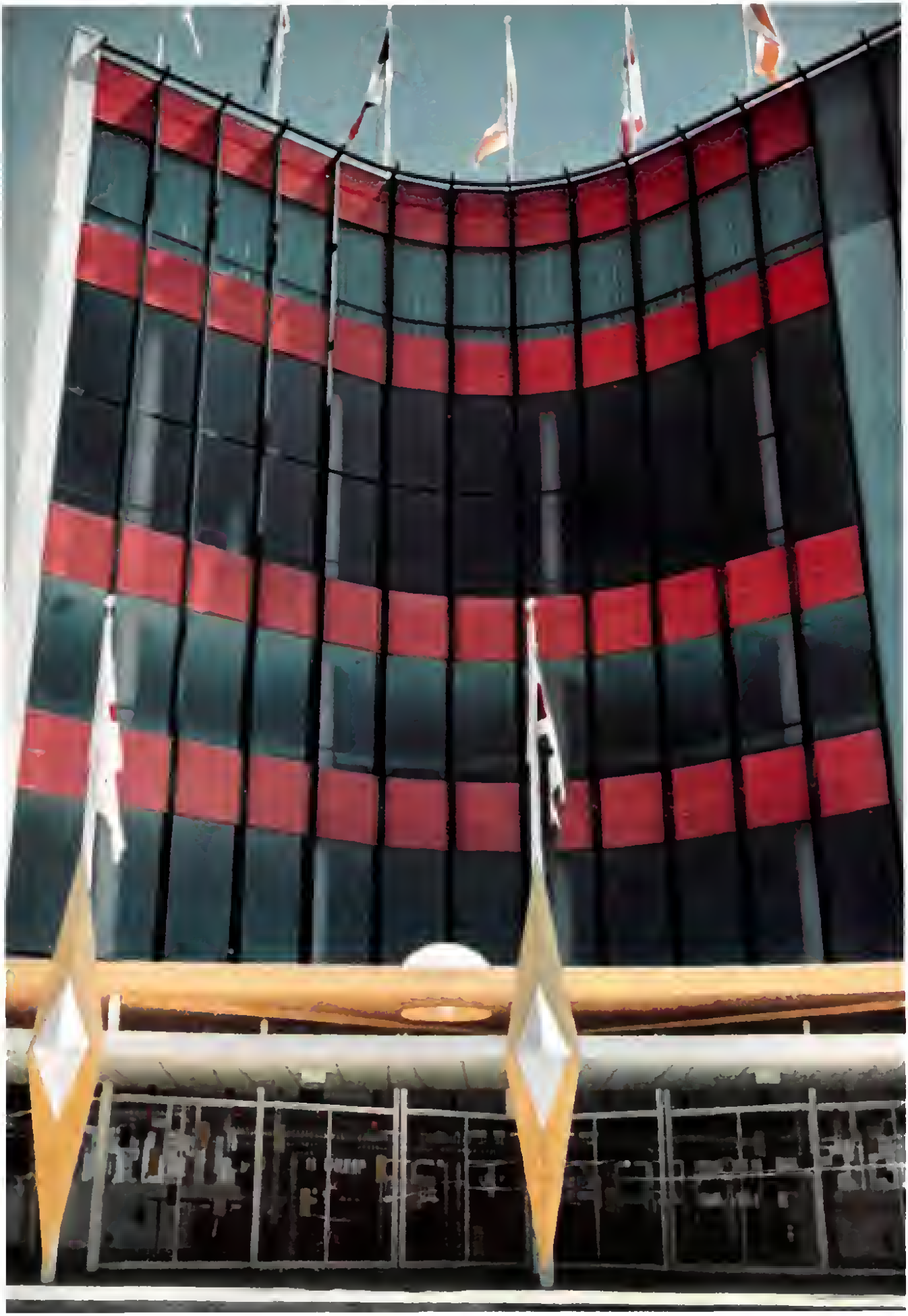
THE EVENING of August 31, the New York Yankees and the Washington Senators played at the Yankee Stadium; they drew 22,938 customers. That afternoon, the Brooklyn Dodgers and the New York Giants had played at Ebbets Field; they drew 14,222. The same evening, 20 miles out from the city in suburban Westbury on Long Island, 43,547 New Yorkers came out to watch the trotters and pacers at the new Roosevelt Raceway. Only twice during the month did a professional baseball game in N.Y. attract more fans than that same day's racing at Roosevelt.

These figures are not offered to suggest that harness racing is replacing baseball as the national pastime. What they do indicate, however, is that a sports promotion which caters to the comfort of patrons, which provides first-rate entertainment and which uses clever showmanship to display its wares, will prosper in the face of the stiffest competition. The new Roosevelt Raceway is a $20 million extravaganza of color and air conditioning, of plush restaurants and convenient snack bars. In its five levels and 300-acre expanse, every conceivable requirement long sought by the racing public has been incorporated by Architect Arthur Froehlich. Behind huge plate-glass windows, sheltered, heated and air conditioned, there are some 3,000 seats for general-admission ticket holders, on a first-come, first-served basis. An additional 28,000 can follow the races in completely enclosed areas by watching five 24- and 48-foot-square closed-circuit television screens. Another 1,250 can dine in the three-tier Cloud Casino and see the races, live. For all of these and the 30,000 others the track can accommodate, it is never more than a few steps to the mutuel windows.

But more important than all of this, more important than the 14,000-car parking lots and the 5,000 trees and shrubs that decorate the plant, or the banks of elevators and escalators that preclude climbing of steps, more important than all the steel, cement and foam rubber is what the Raceway has done and is doing for the sport of trotting. Creature comforts are fine; what about the racing?

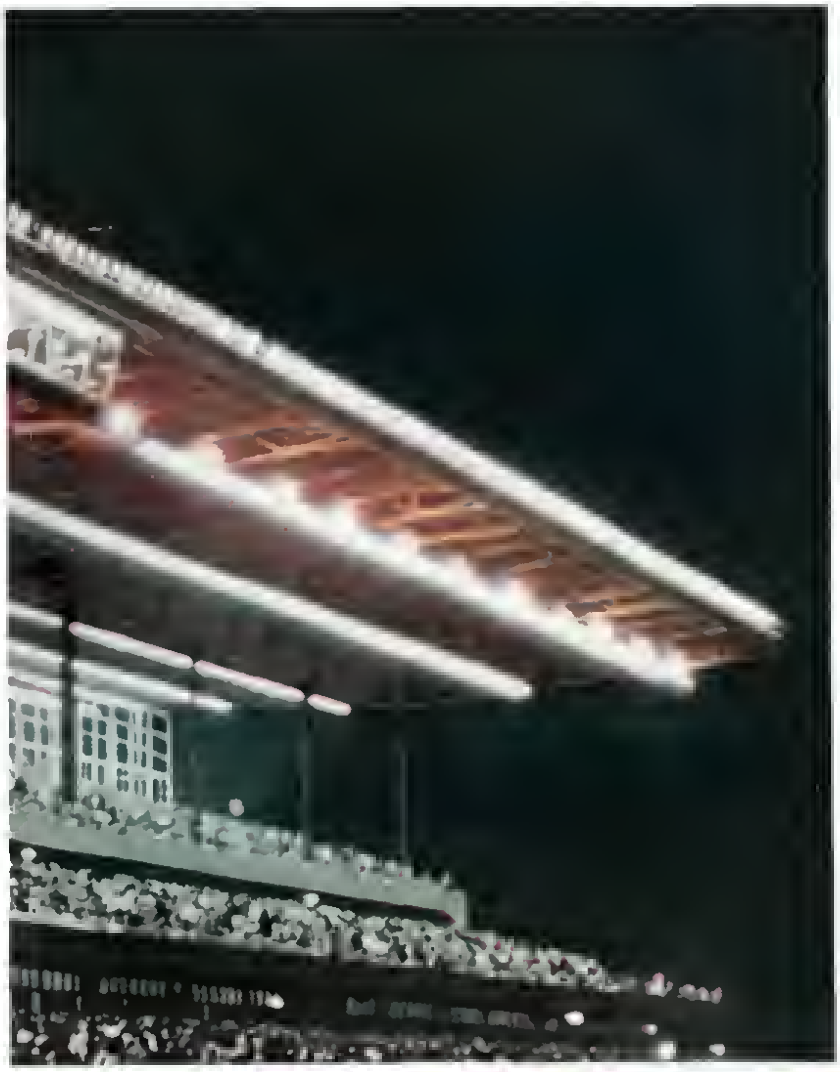
text continued on page 47

Porcelain panels of orange and blue (the track colors) contrast with vertical black steel mullions on 15-story north façade of clubhouse.









Brilliantly lit grandstand and clubhouse, 800 feet long and 200 feet deep, will accommodate 65,000, have already handled crowds of 50,000. Below, opposite page, is a corner of the Cloud Casino's cocktail lounge—one of four such rooms at the track. In addition, four restaurants seat 2,000, have served more than 8,000 dinners in one evening. Below is the upper mezzanine betting ring, featuring Froehlich-designed bank-type windows. Five rings have a total of 440 windows. Since August 1 betting on nine-race programs has repeatedly exceeded $2 million.





Elongated-diamond eighth pole repeats many interior designs.

Yellow diamond ceiling fixtures cover clubhouse escalator bank.





Ninety-foot photo patrol tower is one of two for filming races.



From four towers like one above, patrol judges study race action.

Four mushroom towers light up formal gardens and north façade.



ROOSEVELT RACEWAY

continued

When Roosevelt first opened in 1940, on the site of Charles Lindbergh's take-off for his solo flight to Paris, harness racing was largely a county fair, crossroads dirt-track sport, supported by wealthy aficionados and attended by farm and small town enthusiasts. It is simple fact that every one of the innovations which transformed it into a major league attraction was conceived, tested and promoted at Roosevelt. Nighttime racing, a program of dashes instead of heat events, the starting gate and all the changes that resulted from these pioneer efforts are the reasons why, in the years since the war, every statistic connected with trotting has tripled and quadrupled many times over. The betting handle has gone from one million to half a billion, purses from $2 million to $20 million, attendance from a few hundred thousand to more than 10 million. There were, of course, many men who kept the sport alive and growing from its inception in Colonial times. But it remained for a crackerjack lawyer—a country lawyer at that—to realize its potential and lend it the promotional genius that put it in the big time. This is Roosevelt's George Morton Levy, a peppery, brass-voiced little gamecock of a man who, at 68, has more bounce than many of the trotters and pacers that skip over his dream track. Levy founded Roosevelt by cajoling a few innocent friends into risking their loose cash, putting in everything he had and going into hock for the rest. He and they have prospered mightily—and so have the drivers, trainers, breeders and everyone else connected with harness racing. From the first, Levy insisted on the best in racing. Today the training track at Roosevelt would be a matter of pride as a racing strip at many another plant. The new half-mile race oval is a model of footing, banking and drainage, covered with the track's own special soil from its acreage in Riverhead, N.Y. More than a thousand barns, conveniently arranged and spotlessly kept, ring the area. Roosevelt's own photo patrol, first at any harness track, provides judges with films of a race taken from two angles—home and back stretches—within three minutes of its conclusion. In accommodations for the press and for horsemen the new track is second to none in the country.

Roosevelt's racing policies are tailored not only to the interests of the public but the needs of horsemen—which is one reason why the track seldom fails to get cooperation from the men who own and train horses. This is in sharp contrast to some other tracks, where management's preoccupation with profits has embittered horsemen and driven them into boycotts. While the Grand Circuit of trotting (a series of major stakes around the country) has concentrated on colt racing, Roosevelt has specialized in bringing together older horses in invitational events—like last week's $30,000-added trot for horses which had previously not raced against each other because of eligibility requirements. These invitationals include the $25,000 National Pacing Derby and American Trotting Championship, the $15,000-added Harness Writers trot and pace and the Juvenile Championships. At the same time Roosevelt regularly stages so-called "baby races" without betting and for $500 purses, for 2-year-olds who cannot otherwise gain racing experience.

Biggest race of all on Roosevelt's card is the $50,000-added Messenger Stake, named after the forehear of all American harness horses—Messenger—who was brought to this country from England in 1788 and is buried only a few miles from the track, in Locust Valley. This year's Messenger, to be raced October 25, will be worth more than $100,000, the richest purse on the night circuit. That figure—$100,000—is roughly the amount George Levy was able to raise back in 1940 to launch Roosevelt. END



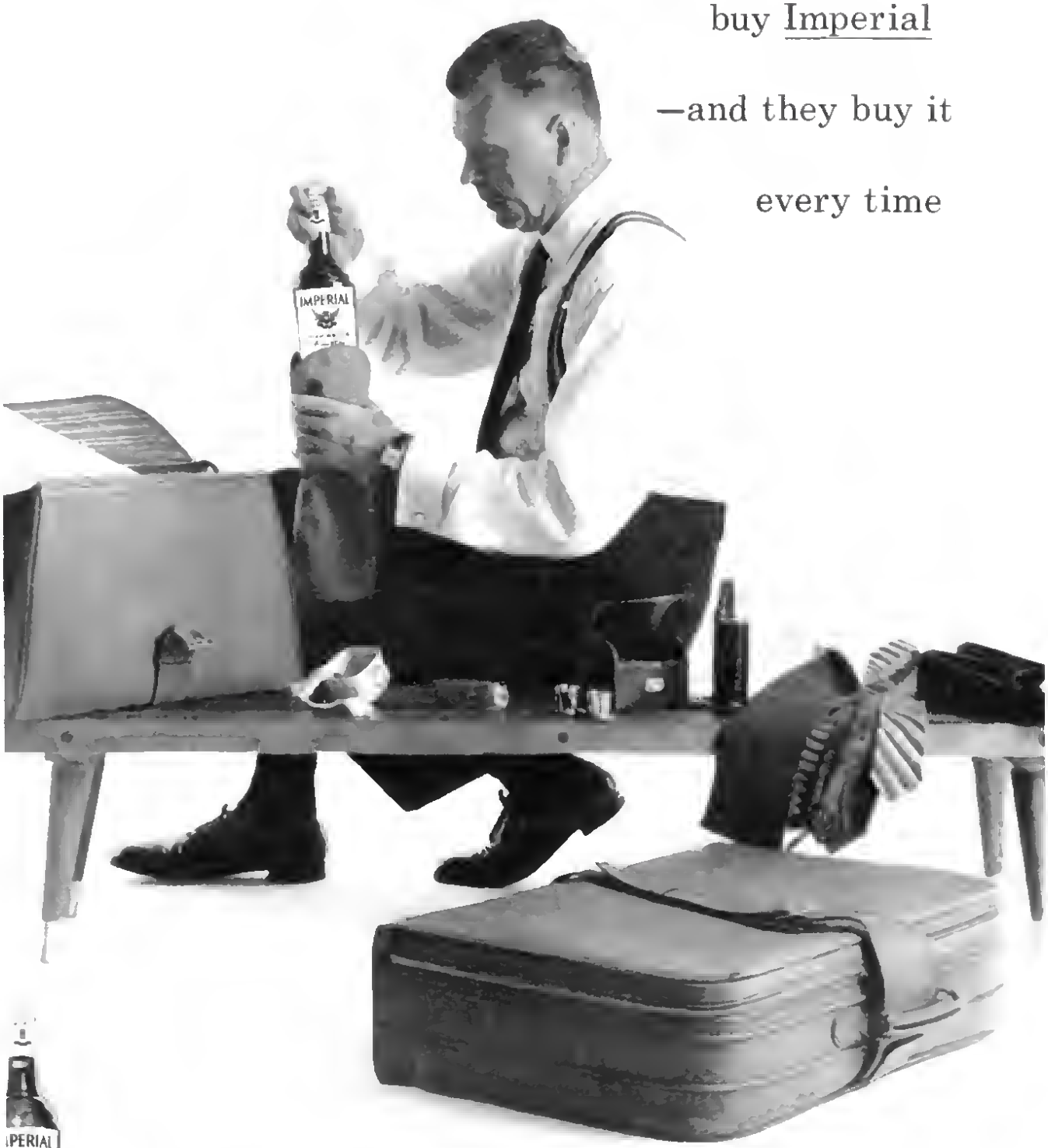
Five acres of shade trees, flowers and shrubs grown in Roosevelt's own nurseries are highlighted by three fountains and a pool.

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PREVIEW

THE SUBWAY ALUMNUS RIDES AGAIN

Army against Notre Dame, once the big football game of the year for the man without a college, is revived after a lapse of nine years

by TEX MAULE

WHEN Army and Notre Dame collide in moleskins in Philadelphia's 101,000-seat Memorial Stadium this Saturday, they will be renewing a rivalry which, for at least the third and fourth decades of this century, typified intercollegiate football to more people than any other annual contest in the history of the sport. The Army-Notre Dame game belonged to the people who later adopted the Brooklyn Dodgers for their own to fulfill a desire for major league baseball in the home town; it belonged to the subway alumni of Notre Dame and to the outposts of the military all over the world and to the millions who never went to college and to whom the Harvard-Yale game meant less than nothing and the Army-Navy game not much more. When the game was discontinued 10 years ago, it cast adrift a big amorphous hunk of the American football public.

The game's very bigness led to the end of the series. Tickets became nearly impossible to get; scalpers sold single seats at Yankee Stadium for $100 and Notre Dame alumni—both real and subway—vied with Army brass to buy them. One million ticket requests flooded the two institutions in 1946. The situation became so impossible that it was mutually agreed to discontinue the series. Now, with its first renewal after a nine-year cooling-off period, tickets are still a problem; yet, in vast Municipal Stadium, scalpers will be lucky to get half of what they used to ask.

Since young Terry Brennan led Notre Dame to a 27-7 victory in the 1947 game which ended the old series, Army and Notre Dame have followed curiously parallel courses. During the heyday of their rivalry, both teams were ranked among the very best year after year. Both continued to overpower opponents for a few years, then, suddenly and surprisingly, fell on lean days.

THE IRISH SPEED MEETS THE ARMY AIR ATTACK

NBC-TV: 2:00 E.D.T.

In the 35th chapter of the Army-Notre Dame series, the two teams are admirably well matched. The Cadets have a strong passing game, but nothing with which to match the speed of Notre Dame. Here are some of the players to watch for:

ARMY: Quarterback Dave Bourland (11) runs with authority, passes very well and directs the thumping Army attack. Fullback Vince Barta (32) runs with good straightaway power, blocks well. Harry Walters (33), Barta's replacement, has more speed and is a more exciting runner.

NOTRE DAME: Halfback Aubrey Lewis (23) will be the fastest man on the field; he is a fine broken-field runner. Quarterback Bob Williams (9) is a good passer but only adequate runner.

Now Army and Notre Dame are climbing laboriously back to their past eminence. At this first crossing of gridiron paths in 10 years, they have reached approximately the same place on the road back, as evidenced by their records so far this year. By virtue of its victories over a strong Purdue and a so-so Indiana, the Irish have shown they are no longer willing to be pushed around the way they were last year. Army, with wins over so-so Nebraska and then potent Penn State last Saturday, is starting its strongest season in some years.

Army's sudden fall from power came in 1951, when Colonel Earl Blaik saw not only his own son but also virtually his whole football team expelled from West Point in a cribbing scandal involving 90 cadets. After months of deep self-searching, Blaik decided to remain at the academy and to mend its football fortunes.

"Our situation is a unique one," he said the other day as he sat in his comfortable office at West Point. "First, anybody we want must have an appointment to the United States Military Academy from a congressman. Second, our entrance standards are completely different from any other school and are extraordinarily strict. We have no special courses for athletes, a boy who enters West Point must have a knack for sciences and mathematics.

continued

There are no snap courses." Blaik is a tall spare man who looks a little like General MacArthur. He is a precise, meticulous organizer, and his practices are as disciplined as the cadet drills on the wide parade grounds of the academy. His appearance is austere, but he has a tremendous warmth which is not apparent when you first meet him but which comes through quickly in conversation. Now he leaned back in his chair and linked his fingers and said, carefully: "I suppose there are good players on 50 or 60 major college teams who would have liked to come to West Point and could not. We must screen hundreds of boys to get a handful who can make the grade here."

1913 *In this game, the series opener, the forward pass, which had been legalized in 1906, first took its rightful place in football's arsenal. As Quarterback Gus Dorais threw time and again to young End Knute Rockne, one of the game's most famous passing combinations was born; and the Irish upset the Army 35 13.*

"Then, after the boy is accepted and comes to the Point, the attrition is tremendous. We have to take high school football players right out of high school so they can have their three years of eligibility, while most of the rest of the cadet corps is made up of men who have had some college work already. This means the football players are under a handicap scholastically. Then, when a boy is appointed to the Military Academy, he is here to stay regardless of whether he plays football or not, and some of them find the load too heavy and quit football. After you find a boy who fulfills all the requirements, you still must interest him in West Point as a school and the Army as a career. Now, the boy we must have —intelligent, alert, physically fit—is the boy every other college wants, so the competition is tremendous."

After Blaik has acquired his handful of recruits each year, he has more special problems to deal with. Discipline, for obvious reasons, is very strict at West Point. Should a player be late to chapel, for instance, he may be put "on area" for a month or two, which means that he is lost to the team for that time. Blaik is a man dedicated to football and, were he not equally dedicated to the Army, he might find the strictures inherent in coaching at West Point unbearably irksome.

"Our practice time is restricted, too," Blaik pointed out. "We work an hour and a half a day during the season. The only time I have for a squad meeting is two hours on Sunday morning after chapel. Classes start September 3, so that we have never had two-a-day workouts.

"In the two-hour meeting on Sunday morning, we have to go over movies of the previous Saturday game, listen to scouting reports on the game coming up and go over new offenses and defenses for that game. The hour and a half workout breaks down into a half hour of fundamentals, then a half hour on offense and a half hour on defense. It would be ample time, I believe, if the two-platoon system were to come back so that you could split the squad into offense and defense and spend the whole time on one phase of the game. But it is very little time, now."

1920 *George Gipp, the legendary Gipper for whom Coach Rockne later would exhort his teams to "win one," sparked Notre Dame to a 27 17 victory. The Gipper ran for 124 yards, passed for 96. Six weeks later he died of a throat infection and pneumonia.*

Blaik leaned forward over the wide, neat desk and looked intently at his hands. He has something of the forensic manner of Frank Leahy, a certain orotund, old-world floweriness of speech and delivery which lends dignity to what he says.

"I had a chance to look at the practice schedule of an Ivy League school earlier this year," he said. "They don't have spring practice, of course, and we do. But in the 20 days of our spring practice and the entire practice before the season starts, I found that we actually spend some 25% less time on the field than the Ivy League school did in its preseason practice alone."

Although Blaik's rebuilding since the loss of his team in 1951 has been slow, it has been steady. This year's Army team is deeper than last year's, and the prospects for the future are

MEMORIES ARE MADE OF THIS



ON HIS WAY to a 97-yard touchdown run with the opening kickoff of the 1947 game is Terry Brennan (37), who is now the Notre Dame coach. Brennan later scored another touchdown as Notre Dame won 27–7 in the game that brought an end to the long series. Other players shown are Notre Dame End Jim Martin (38) and Army's Arnold Galiffa (16), Bill Yoeman (58) and John Trent (80).



THE KICK IS GOOD as Notre Dame Fullback Milt Piepul makes the score 7–0 in the 1940 game. It ended that way, too, as Army, a heavy underdog, pushed the Irish around handily but could not score. Steve Juzwik's 84-yard run with a pass interception accounted for the only touchdown of the afternoon. Bernie Crimmins, now a Notre Dame assistant coach, played at halfback for the Fighting Irish

good, if not great. For the first time in several years, Blaik enters a season with a proved quarterback in Dave Bourland. After the Nebraska game, Blaik was so pleased with Bourland's performance that he permitted himself a characteristically reserved outburst of enthusiasm: "Bourland has made the progress which goes with attention to detail, and this game should help him, too," he said. "Nothing succeeds like success. He has developed qualities of leadership and poise which were lacking a year ago."

In other respects, too, this is a good Army team. The line is big and tough, and the backs run very hard. Over all, the team lacks dangerous speed, but Blaik hopes to remedy this with an expanded passing attack built around the accurate passing of Bourland and occasional passing by the halfbacks. The receivers are very good. Although the team looked fairly deep in the 42-0 rout of Nebraska, this was deceptive. Actually, against strong opposition, Blaik might be in trouble if he had to rely heavily on his second unit, and he probably would not want to dip down beyond that point at all in a truly tight game. The team's offense is varied and intelligent, and Bourland makes good, opportunistic use of it. However, he will have to retain the poise he showed against Nebraska in full measure to beat Notre Dame.

Some 800 miles away in the wide farmlands of the Midwest, Blaik's Saturday adversary wrestles with similar problems in a way commensurate with his personality. Terry Brennan, possibly the youngest head coach of a major college in the United States, is an intense, handsome man who, after three years of the corrosive pressure of coaching Notre Dame, has a maturity well beyond his 29 years. On the surface, he has a quicker, warmer personality than Blaik's; beneath, he is just as precise and austere and meticulous.

1924 *In their senior year, the most famous backfield of all time, Notre Dame's Four Horsemen, got their nickname from Grantland Rice, who wrote—after Notre Dame beat Army 13-7: "Outlined against a blue-gray October sky, the Four Horsemen rode again. . . ."*

So far in his relatively short lifetime, Brennan has broken even with Army on the athletic field. He played in the last three games of the old series, losing to the Glenn Davis-Doc Blanchard powerhouse of 1945, 48-0; then playing on a par with both Davis and Blanchard the next year in the memorable 0-0 tie when the national championship was at stake; and performing magnificently in 1947, as Notre Dame closed the series with its 23rd victory 27-7.

This year, Brennan desperately needs a victory over Army. After his 2-8 record of 1956, the young coach is under heavy pressure to prove himself or look for other work. To be sure, this pressure is decidedly unfair, for his coaching difficulties are certainly not of his making, but the pressure on the youngster nonetheless exists.

Notre Dame's fall from power stems from the same roots as Army's—a dwindling in the matriculation of large, able-bodied, lightning-swift new students. But, at Notre Dame, the slackening in new talent came on the heels of two substandard recruiting years—1953, Frank Leahy's last season, and 1954, Brennan's first. The 1953 freshman crop at Notre Dame was a good one, but it was subject to unusual attrition. One bright prospect was injured in an automobile accident and never tried out for football, another transferred to a Big Ten university and a bigger percentage than is normal was left by the wayside scholastically.

1928 *In one of his celebrated half-time orations, Knute Rockne first asked his team to "win one for the Gipper," and the Irish did—on a pass play from John Niemiec to Johnny (One Play) O'Brien, who came off the bench for this play and returned immediately.*

Then, in Brennan's first year as head coach, he found himself with only 18 athletic scholarships to distribute to promising football material. At Notre Dame every athletic scholarship is awarded for the full four-year academic course and remains in effect regardless of whether the athlete makes the team—so long, of course, as he is not expelled for disciplinary or scholastic reasons. In the three years before Bren-

continued



A NOTRE DAME DRIVE Tucker-ed out on this interception in 1946, when Army Quarterback Arnold Tucker picked off a pass intended for Jack Zilly (56), Notre Dame end, and returned it from the Army 10-yard line to the 42, eluding Jim Martin (38) and Jim Mello (65) en route. Tucker, who quarterbacked the Blanchard-Davis teams, later fought in Korea. The game ended in a 0-0 standoff.



A KEY BLOCK on Army's Ed Murphy (69) springs Notre Dame Halfback Bob Kelly loose for a good gain in the 1943 game, won by the Irish 26-0. This game introduced two great stars to football—the Army's Glenn Davis at halfback and Notre Dame's Quarterback Johnny Lujack, both then 18-year-old freshmen. Kelly, incidentally, turned down a West Point appointment to go to Notre Dame.

ARMY–NOTRE DAME

continued

nan took over, the Irish had awarded a hefty number of such scholarships each year; in Brennan's first year, in order to balance the scholarship budget, he was allowed to give out only a meager 18. Not only that, but since Brennan's appointment was not made until the February 1 preceding his first season as coach, he did not have his staff assembled until mid-March and thereby got a late start in his recruiting. And finally, some of his 18 scholarships had already been committed by Leahy. There are even some who have been unkind enough to say that the illness which brought on Leahy's resignation was due largely to the poor crop of football prospects.

1944 *Army gave Notre Dame it's worst beating in the school's football history 59-0. The Army touchdown twins, Glenn Davis and Doc Blanchard, ran and passed almost at will in what turned out to be the first of their three years as All-America backs.*

Last season, those weak-player crops of 1953 and 1954 made up the juniors and seniors of Brennan's team. A total of 33 injuries at one time or another during the season depleted the Notre Dame team even more and, playing a traditionally tough schedule, the Irish were always outmanned. Brennan is not the first Notre Dame coach to suffer from a subpar recruiting year; Leahy's 1950 Notre Dame team, which won 4, lost 4 and tied 1, reflected a substandard crop of freshmen in 1947, when only 21 scholarships were awarded and four of those dropped out, leaving only 17 players on "rides."

Brennan, who owns one of the best football minds in the country, has slowly rebuilt his fences in the last two years. He orders his practices as carefully and budgets his time on the practice field as neatly as does Blaik. The other day, dressed in a gray sweat suit, he stood on the sidelines and watched the Notre Dame team work, the sharp blue eyes missing nothing.

"I screamed for help after that first year," he said. "You can't face a schedule like ours without some relief, and I got it."

Brennan has come up with two good freshman squads in the last two years. He got most of the players he wanted this year and, on this particular afternoon, the Notre Dame green shirts—freshman team—showed good size, spirit and ability in a scrimmage with the varsity. Brennan watched carefully and occasionally demonstrated to a defensive halfback the steps and the position necessary for an adequate reaction to the maneuvers of a receiver coming down. Brennan is lean and fit-looking, and the halfbacks listened with a deep respect. The road back for Notre Dame should be a shorter one than it will be for Army despite indications otherwise in last Saturday's games against Indiana and Penn State, respectively.

"Last season didn't seem to have any effect on the kids we talked to," Brennan said. "And our competition is still using the same old argument to convince boys they should go somewhere else. You know—'don't go to Notre Dame because they recruit so many players you will be lost.' "

This year's Notre Dame team still bears some of the scars of the two lean years. Only three seniors are on the starting team, a rather small percentage. The rest of the Irish starters are juniors, reaped in the first full crop Brennan was allowed to harvest. By next year, the Notre Dame team will be all Brennan's, *i.e.*, it will reflect his player selections for the last four years; and by next year, too, Notre Dame should be at or near its usual position at the very top of the football heap.

The 1957 team which faces Army may feel a bit as if it is looking into a mirror. The teams are remarkably similar in size, speed, depth and degree of skill. The Irish quarterback, Bob Williams, may not throw quite as well as Bourland, but he is a capable passer and a strong, intelligent quarterback. In Aubrey Lewis, the only really great player from the slim 1954 crop of freshmen, the Irish probably have more speed than the Cadets can muster in the backfield. The Irish first-team line is not quite as big as Army's, but it is as hard-nosed and, significantly, this line bottled up a very fast Purdue offensive unit very well.

1946 *Playing for the national championship, Army and Notre Dame fought to a bone-rattling, hell-for-leather 0–0 tie, as the Irish finally bottled up Blanchard and Davis for the first time.*

The Notre Dame starting fullback, Nick Pietrosante, is a little bigger than Army's Vince Barta. The Irish attack is somewhat more versatile than Army's; Brennan uses the pro slot T a good deal of the time and has experimented now and again with the single wing. The Irish drop-off from first to second unit is roughly comparable to Army's. Saturday's game matches two teams of so nearly equal strength that the result, as has been the case so often in this rivalry, will probably depend on the breaks.

Unfortunately, Notre Dame and Army are scheduled only for this year and next. Officials of the two schools have discussed, tentatively, a possibility of a renewal of the series in 1962.

Over a table in the coffee shop of the comfortable Morris Inn on the Notre Dame campus, Brennan recently reflected on his playing days against Army. "When I played at Notre Dame this was our big game," he said. "Some of the boys on my squad today were only seven or eight years old when the last game was played, but I think that they have some of the feeling even now that we had then. For us, and I'm sure for Army, this is the big one."

WEEKEND IN DALLAS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FARRELL GREHAN

Sprouting from size 70 cowboy boots are the enormous legs of "Big Tex" (*right*), a Brobdingnagian cowboy who towers over the Texas State Fair Grounds and symbolizes the big doings this Saturday at the annual Texas-Oklahoma football game in the adjacent Cotton Bowl. For this, the most frenetic football weekend in the Southwest, some 50,000 fans invade Dallas by air, rail and highway in scenes such as those on the succeeding page. And in the face of this human tidal wave Big D surrenders. Hotels and plane hangars are jammed. Cab drivers start their hectic double-shifts. Special "Longhorn" and "Sooner" menus—with their jacked-up prices—appear beside the napkins at the town's less scrupulous restaurants. Merchants moisten their thumbs, for some $2 million will be spent on clothes, souvenirs, nightclubbing, food and drink. As for game tickets, they're next to impossible to come by: the Cotton Bowl was sold out as far back as August.




NORTH
67
75
EAST
TEXAS
80
175
ONE WAY






TEXAS

Tail Gate Picnic

by CHARLOTTE ADAMS

WHETHER YOU arrive at a game by private railway car or airplane, like some of the people on the opposite page, or by automobile (*right*), a lot of the fun of a football weekend comes before the whistle blows. This is particularly true if the game is preceded by an on-the-scene picnic luncheon, served buffet style from a station-wagon tail gate. The spreading popularity of the tail gate picnic presents a challenge to the football hostess, since there is real rivalry to see whose buffet will display the most tasty, and perhaps unexpected, morsels. While your friends are exclaiming with delight over your ingenuity in dreaming up a make-your-own-hero-sandwich deal, those lunching at the tail gate next door may be singing the praises of hot onion soup complete with toasted French bread and freshly grated Parmesan.

Because it's smart to be smart about this pre-football-game ritual, I have planned five possible luncheons to be served from the tail gate. A major requirement for such picnicking is proper equipment—portable ice chests, picnic baskets, fitted or unfitted, thermoses for food and or drink, even portable bars. Since you usually will serve drinks before lunch, you should provide a few "blotters" to go with them—potato chips, corn chips, deviled eggs, firm cheeses cut into chunks, canned French fried onions, or if you want to be very grand—frozen canapés, which will defrost on the way to the game. Thermoses of coffee should be taken to every game, though I've mentioned coffee in my menus only when it is a special kind. Swedish glogg and mulled wine are other hot drink possibilities for the thermos—very cockle-warming, too.

TURN THE PAGE FOR
TAIL GATE MENUS

FROM ALL DIRECTIONS the fans descended on Dallas for the Oklahoma-Texas weekend, playing by night and spending by day. Some, like guests of H. C. Price Sr. of Oklahoma, arrived by private plane; others, like R. Wright Armstrong of Fort Worth (*left*), with his wife and L. M. Olson of Galveston, by their own private cars.



PREGAME LUNCHEONS are a tradition in the East, where groups rendezvous for spreads as simple as the one at the Yale Bowl (*above*), or as sumptuous as the one shown below



HOW TO PACK A HEARTY LUNCH



ENGLISH HAMPER serves four ($40, Bloomingdale's); six-quart Therm-A-Jug has shut-off spigot ($17, Knapp-Monarch); four-gallon Skotch Kooler comes with Ivy League covers ($13.50, Lord & Taylor); plastic containers fill the gaps (27¢ to 84¢, Macy's).

1 YOUR OWN HEROES

For this picnic take for each person a small loaf of French bread, split lengthwise and buttered. The brown-and-serve variety is fine, especially if you bake it early the morning of the game. Also take sliced Italian salami, sliced Swiss cheese, blue cheese, dill pickles, tomatoes, lettuce, some tins of sardines, a jar of mayonnaise, chili sauce and two or three kinds of mustard—such as English, Bahamian and the ordinary variety. Let everybody make his own combination—the *works* if he wants it! Beer goes awfully well with this sort of food, if you have a chiller to carry it in. For dessert produce big bunches of grapes in a basket and cookies of the least crumbly variety you know. The best way to achieve this requirement is to buy the finest that come boxed. This meal will be well and warmly topped off by a picnic version of Irish coffee. Heat very strong coffee to piping. Pour in heavy cream (not whipped) and Irish whiskey to taste and let all become very hot, but do not boil. Sweeten slightly if you want to and pour into preheated thermos. For hot drinks take cups which will hold the heat, whether paper, metal or plastic.



LEATHER BAR CASE takes four bottles ($95, Abercrombie & Fitch); wicker basket ($5, Bloomingdale's) holds service for four ($5, Leipzig & Lippe); gallon jug holds food or liquid (Stanley, $18); Skotch O'matic has built-in pump ($8, Hamilton-Skotch).

2 PORTABLE SMORGASBORD

If you'd like a hot pre-picnic drink, this time take Swedish glogg in the thermos. Claret and port are simmered with spices, almonds and raisins, lump sugar to taste is melted with flaming brandy, and a delicious drink is the result. Start the lunch with hot bouillon, diluted with port wine instead of water. Nobody will be cold with that inside him! Then have your smorgasbord course, involving any or all of the following, in tins or jars—herring in wine and/or sour cream, anchovies, pickled beets, paté; in separate containers—noekkelost (Norwegian caraway cheese), hard-cooked eggs, cold shrimp (which you have cooked with dill in the water), mayonnaise mixed with sour cream to dunk the shrimp in, cold lamb and/or duck, headcheese. Take along also a variety of salad greens, washed and wrapped for the chiller, together with some French dressing in a bottle to pour over them, and a wooden salad bowl with fork and spoon to toss them at the last minute. It is necessary to have plates to cope with this picnic properly. A variety of Swedish crisp wafers and butter to put on them goes well with this meal. A frozen Sara Lee poundcake, which will defrost on the way, and seasonal crisp apples make an easily handled, delicious dessert.

continued



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THERM-A-CHEST of heavy-gauge steel weighs 26 pounds ($25, Knapp-Monarch); wicker picnic basket ($5.49, Macy's) has lined aluminum butter dish ($1.50, Abercrombie & Fitch); Skotch O matic Low Boy thermos holds a gallon ($12, Hamilton-Skotch).



WICKER BASKET from England has plastic service for six, tray for thermoses and boxes ($165, Saks Fifth Avenue); Sportsmaster thermos has locked spigot, folding leg ($7, Macy's); aluminum Thermaster Ice Chest holds 26 12-ounce bottles ($19, Poloron).

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3 ITALIAN ANTIPASTO

Provide Italian sausages in variety, provolone cheese, well-chilled raw vegetables, black olives, stuffed olives, pimientos, vinegar peppers and artichoke hearts (the last five in jars, so be sure to pack a lid flipper). A big round loaf of Italian dark bread with butter is perfect with such food. A bottle of Chianti is a good touch, too. For dessert bring Motta's panettone in the box you buy it in. Nothing could be better with it than café diable from the new Gourmet line of General Foods. Make it according to instructions on the tin and flame it with brandy just before pouring it into a preheated thermos bottle, perhaps one with a convenient spigot like that shown at left.

4 A STEW IN A THERMOS

A big, wide-mouthed thermos jug is essential for this picnic. Preheat it by filling it with boiling water. Then into it put a good, rich beef stew, made with red wine and vegetables. Potatoes get discolored and soggy in such a stew, so the best way I know to take care of the starch department is to put canned kidney beans, together with all their juice, into the stew just long enough to heat them through. They give an unusual and delectable flavor to the gravy and blend beautifully with the green beans, peas, carrots or whatever other vegetables suit your fancy. Then hold your hat. Take a container of chilled sour cream along to plop on top of each serving. It's out-of-this-world good. Croissants from the best bakery you know, and butter, make a fine accompaniment to the stew. For dessert make angel cake, the best of the mixes, which is easy to transport to the game and also to eat from the hand.

5 DRESSED-UP CHICKEN

Fry or broil chicken the day before and chill it thoroughly. Or use frozen fried chicken, which is a great time- and trouble-saver. Wrap each piece separately, which makes them easier to handle and also makes it simple to choose one's favorite piece from the shape. In some of your picnic boxes bring coleslaw made from both red and white cabbage and some cold curried rice, which you make by cooking rice with quite a lot of curry powder in the water. A bottle of Major Grey's chutney (a variety, not a brand) is a must with this rice. Bread and butter sandwiches are a nice accompaniment. For dessert, what could be better than those fine, firm, green-skinned pears which are coming into the market just about now and a Bel Paese cheese to eat with them? A dry white wine would be lovely with this meal, chilled in the cooler if the day isn't cold enough to do the job.



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The extraordinary story of a great adventure in the depths of the earth, an Everest of underground exploration in which a French speleological group spends

SIX DAYS IN A CAVE

by JEAN CADOUX

IT IS NOW nearly 10 years since it so chanced that one day, when I had nothing better to do, a classmate of mine, Jo Berger, inveigled me into accompanying his team of underground explorers into the complex of caves that makes up the Vats of Sassenage on the plateau above the old university town of Grenoble. I followed the party, at first uneasy, possibly rather frightened, feeling the darkness heavy on my spirits, without any special desire to know where I was being taken. I stared at this extraordinary world, lighting up its details with the beams of my acetylene head lamp; to me it was an amazing revelation, and I soon fell in love with its strange atmosphere.

What joy I found in confronting with muscles, heart and brains an aspect of nature that is both beautiful and hostile, whose hidden snares and wonders you meet with every step forward! The cave is not a lifeless place; it is a living thing to which we have to give ourselves, a thing that can be gentle and also be a savage whom changes in temper can render dangerous. And the harder it treats us, the happier we are to master it and make it ours. For beauty underground is only an accessory; it is a real pleasure to find it, but do not go there seeking it, for you will certainly be disappointed.

What I love most is to battle with the waters of an underground river, to hold my own against water that tries to freeze my blood, to scale walls where danger lurks, where fear is gnawing at my heart. I want something that demands concentration, something that makes me suffer. I like freezing in foul-smelling tunnels where the slime glues me to the bottom. I need that sort of thing to obtain the full enjoyment out of the small crystal I find, the small incrustation built up by dripping water, to win a greater appreciation of the good, warm sun, of the enjoyments of the life I come back to on emerging from below. Search your hearts, my fellow speleologists, then consider well and tell me whether these are not the real motives for your activities in caves!

These were the feelings which built up my love for speleology over the years and which culminated at last in the greatest adventure of my life—the exploration of the Berger Chasm above the Vats of Sassenage. Jo Berger discovered this place in May 1953

continued

THE EXOTIC BEAUTY of the depths is shown in the looming calcite formations of Bourgin Hall, where members of the team pause for brief rest in exploration's early stage.

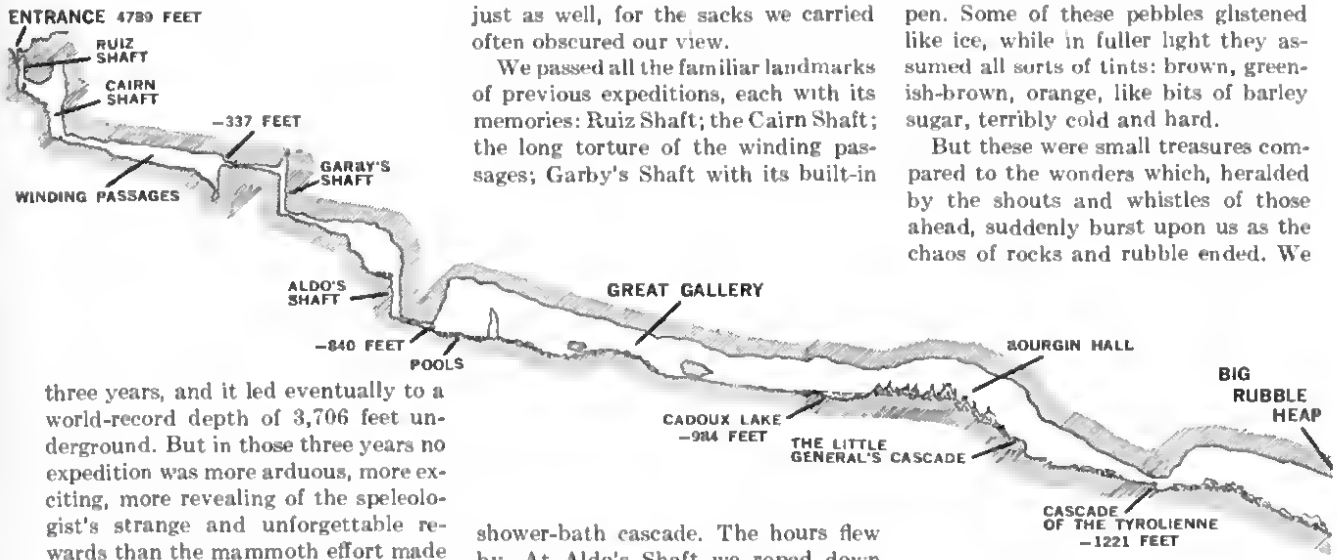


SIX DAYS IN A CAVE

continued

when we were prospecting the plateau, seeking the source of the waters that flowed through the Vats—a fascinating underground stream we had named the Starless River.

We explored Jo Berger's cave for three years, and it led eventually to a world-record depth of 3,706 feet underground. But in those three years no expedition was more arduous, more exciting, more revealing of the speleologist's strange and unforgettable rewards than the mammoth effort made in July 1954, our fifth descent—a veritable Everest of speleological expeditions in which we spent six full days underground.



An attack on such a scale is almost comparable to a Himalayan campaign. We considered several possible ways of organizing our attempt. A sort of compromise was finally deemed the best: a base camp would be established as far in as possible, with five or six men remaining there, and a mobile camp further on for a fairly small advance party. We divided our full team of 26 into several crews. Fernand Petzl would lead one underground party of 13, with myself and Louis Eymas as acting leaders of smaller parties should we split up. Marius Gontard and Roger Michallet would be in charge above ground at the entrance to the cave.

Sunday, July 25, arrived—our D day. Our full team was gathered at the mouth of the cave; 700 pounds of equipment were already cached at strategic points underground. We had a last feel in our pockets to see if everything we should want was there. I picked up my surveying instruments, took a final affectionate farewell of my gourd of rum, and at 10 a.m. entered the chasm with my party. The big adventure had begun.

There in the darkness the air was chilling, the surroundings damp; we could feel the moisture on the walls as we rubbed against them and we seemed to become different men. The exuberant life of the outer world faded away; each one of us became conscious of a part he had to play and the danger that lurked nearby, ready to catch him at the slightest sign of carelessness. Yet feet and hands were growing familiar with every projection and hold and found them instinctively, which was just as well, for the sacks we carried often obscured our view.

We passed all the familiar landmarks of previous expeditions, each with its memories: Ruiz Shaft; the Cairn Shaft; the long torture of the winding passages; Garby's Shaft with its built-in shower-bath cascade. The hours flew by. At Aldo's Shaft we roped down again. The third party had joined us when we reached a depth of 840 feet in the Great Gallery; there the first party was waiting for us.

Together we continued, struggling under increased loads as we picked up more and more knapsacks of supplies previously stored underground, until at last we reached the cascade which had been our farthest point: 1,221 feet down. We fixed a ladder and a Tyrolienne, a taut rope on which the sacks were sent across hanging on a snap ring. It worked without any mishap. Forty-eight sacks . . . what a ghastly pile of them!

Ahead of us lay the unknown. Rocks in the wildest confusion littered the floor of a vast gallery that stretched away into the darkness beyond the range of our lamps. Leaving the bulk of our baggage to be picked up later, we started off. We might have been going through old ruins. In places the smaller stuff wedged between two big rocks would give way, and we had to use great caution where this might happen. Some of these pebbles glistened like ice, while in fuller light they assumed all sorts of tints: brown, greenish-brown, orange, like bits of barley sugar, terribly cold and hard.

But these were small treasures compared to the wonders which, heralded by the shouts and whistles of those ahead, suddenly burst upon us as the chaos of rocks and rubble ended. We came abruptly into calm, the great white calm where calcite dominates all—one of those exceptional sights which are the supreme attraction and reward of exploration underground, repaying us for all the hardships we have suffered there.

I can only compare it to a cathedral, to a nave with a profusion of columns and other architectural features on which the calcite had lavishly indulged its fancy. There were majestic domes of complicated design soaring above a forest of small, elegant, beautifully sculptured columns, which some malevolent force in past ages had shaken on their bases and bent in all directions. Their feet were dipped in a number of pools at varying levels, whose lacelike edges traced upon the floor patterns of thin bands as of pink foam, intricate as the filaments of a jellyfish. The water in these pools was of such perfect purity that through 10 or 12 feet of this pale green screen we could distinguish the most delicate crystalline formations, resembling those of coral.

Aldo Sillanoli drew our attention to a basin containing superb orange crystals that sparkled as our lamps shone upon them. Farther on was another into which handfuls of cave pearls had been thrown as if it had been a jewel case, semitransparent gems attached to the bottom of the casket by the

ABOUT THE AUTHOR

The dramatic story of the Berger Chasm expedition is taken from a collaborative book, *One Thousand Metres Down*, which will be published in a translation from the original French on October 17 by A. S. Barnes ($3.75). As the authors point out, cave exploring is above all the work of a team; no single man can do it alone. And so, although Jean Cadoux is the author of this excerpt, credit should also be given to Georges Mathieu, Jean Lavigne, Paul Brunel, Louis Potié and Georges Garby, all of whom contributed and all of whom are members of the Speleo Group of the French Alpine Club which carried out the expedition.

thinnest film of calcite. At one point a cluster of stalactites hung down like a tress of hair; at another were festoons of calcite so thin the light shone through them. From all over the roof hung stalactites, like white arrows or candles whose flame is cold to touch.

We named this hall the Hall of the Thirteen, after the members of the team. It needed a great effort to tear ourselves away from such a spectacle when we had to go back to the Tyrolienne to fetch our sacks. The cookers were going strong when we returned. Jean Lavigne, in our absence, had produced an unforgettable chicken soup, and it was more than welcome. Before long, three canary-yellow tents were in position, emitting loud snores.

Waking up was an effort; not till 9 a.m. did the more valiant reluctantly leave the sleeping hag's pleasant warmth. We made a good breakfast and set off on our new exploration carrying 10 sacks. As we advanced into the unknown cavities ahead, the slope steepened and became covered with rubble like that above the camp. The boulders on it were insecurely wedged, shifting and rumbling down into big holes as we walked over them. We crossed this part of the cave taking every precaution and presently found ourselves in yet another hall even vaster than the last.

This one we christened Germain Hall, in honor of the president of the *Club Alpin Français*, with which our speleological group was affiliated. The decoration of the walls was sterner, but quite as lavish; the floor was covered with a thick layer of calcite from streams which had left deposits on it. Columns and drapery trailing their ends in limpid pools were disposed in terraces, their white surfaces covered with a faint pink rash. Then the floor took a downward turn that ended in an overhang. We directed the beams of our lamps into the blackness below with some anxiety, for out of the depths came the sound of a waterfall, and judging by the noise it made it was a formidable affair.

Berger set off to explore it. He was not more than 30 yards away when we heard a resounding laugh. "Come and look at the waterfall!" he cried. "It's immense!" We hurried toward him, making anxious guesses as to its height and volume, and were very soon able to add our laughter to his. This underground Niagara—the possibly impassable obstacle, this superwaterfall—was no more than an absurd trickle that dripped from the swollen lips of a comic semblance of a face in the roof into a sort of flute, which acted as an amplifier. It was just another example of the deceptive phenomena so often met with in caves, where the rustling of a bat can become a terrifying rumble.

All around us water was dripping from projecting concretions of calcite onto domelike mounds so close together they nearly blocked the gallery. A dozen feet below us at their base, the Starless River hurst out from beneath the massive deposits and plunged with a protesting rumble into a narrow canyon. We circumvented the obstacles and set foot in its bed. In front of us the gallery rose and opened out into a great gloomy chamber.

It was a muddy depressing place. We crawled up on all fours over a t .ick layer of mud diluted in places by a small stream and found ourselves actually at the top of a dam. The face we had climbed held back the water when the river was in flood, so that it left behind the dirty coat of mud. The other face was a great contrast, being covered with a thick immaculate deposit of calcite; a tiny cascade, brought by a small conduit onto a dome of rock, spread out over the undulating surface and washed every speck of dirt away. This farther slope of the dam presented an almost vertical drop into a hollow 26 feet across, closed on the far side by a wall that went right up to the roof and seemed to block any further advance into the cave. Was this where our adventure was to end?

But no, we could go on. At the foot of the wall we found a square doorway opening onto a staircase. A descent of its rounded steps took us beyond the wall to a small balcony that gave us a view down into a richly ornamented gallery with the river flowing through it. A ladder took us down another 33 feet to where we could paddle along in the water among great blocks that had fallen from the roof. The dimensions of the gallery soon diminished, the walls closed in and before long our gallery was only a very narrow cleft into which the river made a noisy disappearance.

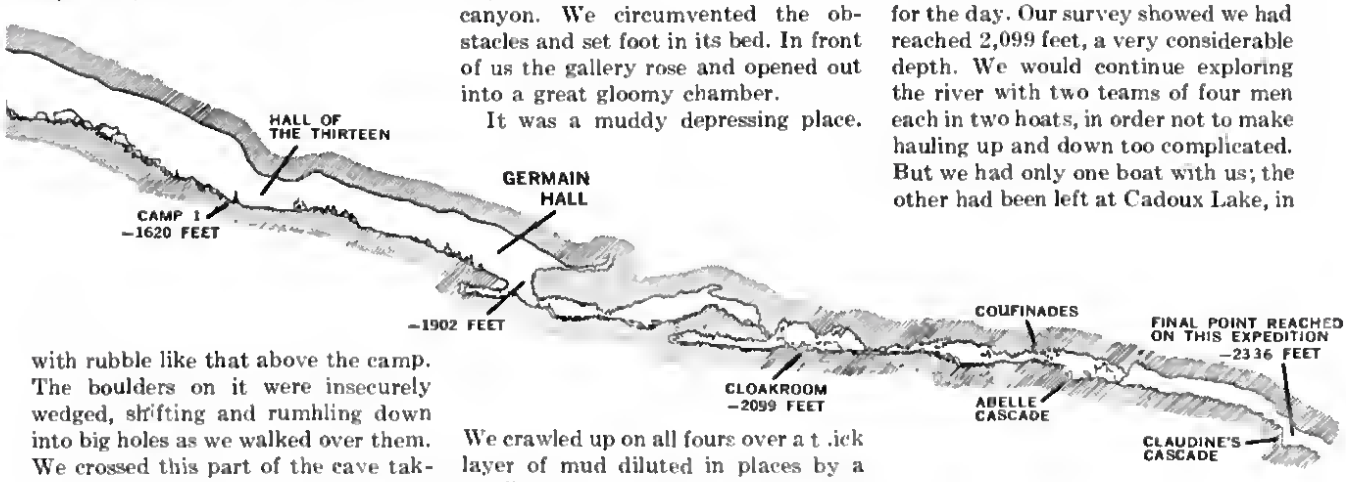
It was tricky work in here, the holds being far apart and projecting bits of rock liable to break off, while the variations in the width of the cleft prevented back and foot methods. An advance of only a few yards involved fearsome acrobatics, which ended, as they inevitably do, in two spectacular immersions. We decided, finally, that it was necessary to get our waterproof outfits from the base camp before proceeding further. That ended the day's exploration. We left the sacks where they were and set off for the tents.

Next morning, after our second night underground, we settled the program for the day. Our survey showed we had reached 2,099 feet, a very considerable depth. We would continue exploring the river with two teams of four men each in two boats, in order not to make hauling up and down too complicated. But we had only one boat with us; the other had been left at Cadoux Lake, in case the water in the galleries might rise through flooding. We had to fetch it and take the opportunity to get the weather forecast from the men on the surface, for there were several places that might become filled to the roof if much rain fell.

Georges Mathieu and Paul Brunel offered to go back to telephone. When they returned, the news was reassuring: "The forecast is all right, the wind is north northeast."

Rations were given out, and we set off on our appointed tasks. Aldo Sillanoli and an advance party were to set out ahead; at the entrance to the cleft, we divided the material to be carried and in this improvised "cloakroom" we donned our fine canary-yellow waterproof equipment, gar-

continued



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SIX DAYS IN A CAVE

continued

ments suggestive of a carnival scene that give a cave explorer a very odd appearance. With tallish men, the trousers come up to the armpits and the jacket reaches the knees; small men just disappear in them.

Thus swathed in our clumsy clothing, we set out for our subterranean cruise. The beginnings of the cleft, though much worn by water, gave a lot of trouble; the walls with great hollows scooped out of them were black and polished and devoid of holds. The river bed was a succession of basins, some of them very deep and showing clear signs of the turbulence of the stream that dug out the channel and must carry an immense volume of water when the snows melt in the spring.

Much hampered by our rucksacks we worked our way along between these sorely battered walls. Then the cleft took a sharp bend and widened with water so clear and deep as to be dark green.

We launched the boat—but soon we found we had launched it too soon. The cleft was not wide enough and we had to ease ourselves along by supporting ourselves on handholds and shoving with our knees till there was room for progress to become smooth and orderly. The height varied, in one place coming down so low we had to bend our heads. The delicately sculptured rocks at the water's edge were colored variously in red, dark-brown and chestnut, their warm tones giving a restful atmosphere to the place. In these wonderful surroundings we cruised along till we came to a halt before a small dam in midstream, an island of fallen rocks.

I got out while Georges Garby went back for the other two members of our party. With them, we took the boat over into the other reach of the river. Beyond the islet it flowed quietly on in its red tunnel and we glided forward, avoiding snags. Then, quite suddenly, the roof rose right up out of sight, and the boat grounded on a sandy beach.

A shower of needles

Leaving Garby to ferry over the others, I got out to investigate. I was in a small chamber with a floor of tumbled rocks through which the river found its way. When the volume of water became great enough, these rocks would form a dam, so the water level rose in the part we had just passed.

On my left a milk-white recess cut across the covering of brown drapery

on the rock. I went to look and saw that from the vault above descended an extraordinary shower of needlelike, transparent stalactites, some as much as 10 feet long. I enjoyed making them vibrate by breathing on them, but it was a risky thing to do, for even in this very gentle current of air, the most fragile of them broke off with a tinkling of crystal onto the rich white carpet below, whose wavy surfaces overflowed into the boulders that concealed the river. We named this place the Coufinades after a similar display in the Coufin Cave, a place we had explored some time before.

Unfortunately, the Coufinades also marked the end of this day's efforts. A little farther on, the cleft began again, so narrow that we could not proceed with more than two men to a boat. This meant returning to camp and reorganizing. We decided that a single advance party of four would proceed in the two boats.

Wednesday was the day for the big attack. At an early hour Eymas and Mathieu went to the telephone to learn the forecast. It was not too good, they were told. A west wind of varying strength was bringing up heavy clouds. We could, at any rate, undertake a 12-hour expedition without serious risk, for the whole cave was very dry, and even rather heavy rain would hardly be enough to soak through the ground and produce much water at the depth we had reached. But we would have to be quick about it, for the west wind sometimes brings storms over the Alps.

We were already wet through when we reached the cloakroom, owing to condensation under our rubber overalls. It made us all the keener not to dally; we put a little air into the boats and embarked. We quickly reached our farthest point of the previous day and there picked up our four sacks of ladders, ropes, pitons, carbide and provisions. Once more, the unknown lay before us.

There were times when the cleft became so narrow as to seem impassable. Great rocks carried down by floods had wedged themselves at the bottom; pebbles and small stuff had filled up the gaps between them and produced solid dams which we could climb without any fear of their collapsing. The water leaping over these obstacles, some of them 10 feet high, tumbled down on the other side in waterfalls, which had hollowed out basins below them that were really deep, rendering the use of the boat absolutely necessary. It

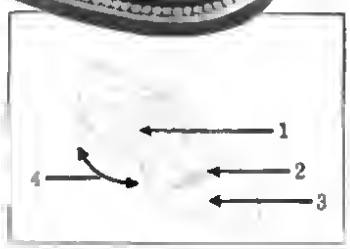
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SIX DAYS IN A CAVE

continued

needed very delicate handling: if we brought the small craft too near the fall, it filled; if we left it too far away, we could not reach it. Where the basin was only a yard or less in width, we were little better off, for the boat was too wide to be used and had to be dragged along with all our impedimenta as we backed along the cleft.

To make matters still worse, the walls, rubbed extremely smooth, gave hardly any hold and more than once we slipped down to the bottom. On one such occasion Louis Potié, in his fall, broke the strap of his sack, and it disappeared in 10 feet of water. All his efforts to get at it were fruitless and, as we had to go on, we left the task of fishing it up for our return. But a most familiar smell assailed our nostrils. "A bad show!" I said. "It must be the reserve carbide; what a stink!"

The carbide, which when wetted generated the acetylene gas for our lamps, was vital, and we stopped to check on our remaining supply. I put my nose in my sack to look for the precious tins; a flame followed by a violent explosion almost tore it out of my hands and my lamp was blown out. I connected up my spare electric torch, looking rather sheepishly at the others, who were in fits of laughter. They kept their lamps well out of the way while I examined the battered tins, which were bubbling and smoking, then emptied the water out of them and did my best to close them again.

A big cascade

We were losing height rapidly. Gradually the dams of stones disappeared; more and more it was the actual widened base of the cleft which formed the pitches, some of them high and difficult enough to involve the use of ladders. Soon we came to a vast landing where we allowed ourselves a halt to lighten our sacks of some of the food and smack our lips over a tot of rum. Our wet clothes quickly reminded us of the time we had spent in the cascades, and cold drove us on.

Thirteen feet below our landing, green water showed us there was a deep pool. Garby and I went on in the boat to a bend. From beyond it came a noise that drowned that of the cascade behind us.

"It sounds like a pretty big thing, this one!" said Garby.

"Possibly a bit too big!"

We slid down some more drops that brought us to the edge of a black hole

with curling columns of mist rising from it. We duly anchored the boat to a piton and advanced cautiously to the lip of the chasm. It looked anything but attractive.

The cleft came to an abrupt end at a huge gallery into which the river plunged in a turbulent flood and was churned far below into a mass of foaming water, the spray rising from it right up to our level. Our four head lamps together failed to pierce this black abyss of mist and foam. Garby had an electric torch with a very powerful concentrated beam, and with this he managed to make out some pebbles outlining what seemed the edge of a shore.

"There's a lake down there."

"It's a pool, as there is under every waterfall, but look—there to our right, the gallery goes on."

The torch was, in fact, now playing on a gallery at least 30 or 40 feet wide in which the river appeared to continue its course.

"Not much fun going down into it."

"Get out 100 feet of ladders for a start. I'm going to fix a piton."

But I could do nothing; the rock was impenetrable. Even the very short pitons either would not go in, or if they did only broke off flakes.

"The rock is rotten," I said, "We can't do any good there."

Garby then had a try and drove in a piton in a position that looked to me untrustworthy. But it held when we pulled on it, so we attached the ladder to it and 100 feet of it were let down into the chasm. It was not a great success. About 25 feet down, the ladder came into the waterfall, which set it swinging like a pendulum.

"That won't do the trick," said Potié. "What can we do?"

"I can't imagine. In any case, we won't be able to go down there; the ladder must be fixed so as to be clear of the fall, and in rock like this a mast is the only solution."

Pierre de Bretizel had made up his mind: "I'm going to have a try."

"If you really mean it . . . only. . . ."

"Don't we have any ropes?" asked Potié.

"I think Aldo and Petzl put some in one of the sacks. Let's have a look."

The ropes were in the sack that fell into the water; but we had, at any rate, 100 feet of cable, and the three of us could certainly hold De Bretizel, who was already beginning the descent.

Standing on the lip of the chasm, I watched him. When only 15 feet down he already had the water splashing in his face and it put out his head lamp,

continued



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SIX DAYS IN A CAVE

continued

leaving his electric torch as his only light. Another six feet down, he entirely disappeared under the fall which heat upon his shoulders and pinned him against the side wall. He stopped. I thought I heard him say, "Pull!" and we hauled him up. He was absolutely soaked, and when he stretched open the elastic wristbands of his waterproof jacket, the water ran out of the sleeves.

"It's impossible to go any lower," he said. "As it was, I had a job to get up again."

We seemed to be definitely held up. It happens to all of us, and the speleologist must submit like the rest; particularly when he is up against the forces of nature. With the equipment we had with us, we could do no more; we simply had to grin and bear it.

We followed our usual practice and gave the cascade a name—that of our loyal helpmeet, Claudine Lecomte, Garby's girl friend: Claudine's Cascade.

We let our lamps play once more on the whirling waters, our last sight of them before we turned our backs on the place.

A night and a day later, I found myself sitting alone at the foot of Aldo's Shaft. The great adventure was all but over. We had begun the long and arduous trip back to the surface, loaded down with the equipment we must save for another time. To help us, and to share to some extent the magnificent experiences we had had, Georges Marry and Gontard were descending to meet us, and I was awaiting them here.

A dance of stars

I was squatting on a stone when I heard voices somewhere in the distance. We called out to each other but could not catch what was said; they seemed to be still at the top of Gontard's Shaft. I put out my own lamp to help me see if there was a gleam from theirs.

For the first moment or so, I saw a number of stars dancing about in front of me; then my eyes got used to the change and I made out, far above me, a gray film, an ill-defined halo. It vanished and all was dark again, blacker, more oppressive than before. Suddenly a flash came out of this black void and caught an upright rock in its blaze of light, making its many facets sparkle, then vanished again.

Once more the gleam of light appeared, as if it were playing a game. It threw its beams here and there, frolicked over a stone, played on a sharp edge of rock, leaped over a dark hole,

then returned to it and ranged over its black walls. Now it seemed in a hurry, then it dallied, then it picked out deliberately and methodically the jagged outlines of the rock, revealing every detail, driving away the darkness, which appeared to fall in a heap to the bottom of the shaft. It seemed to hesitate, then come on again, descended, then rose, a strange sort of contest, from which it soon emerged victorious. For, isolated in the desert of darkness high above me, I could see a gloomy cupola with shadows flitting hither and thither across it, and soon a star descended and blinded me with a piercing beam.

"Hullo. Anyone down there?" said the star.

"Yes, Marry, I'm here. I've put out my lamp and I'm waiting for you."

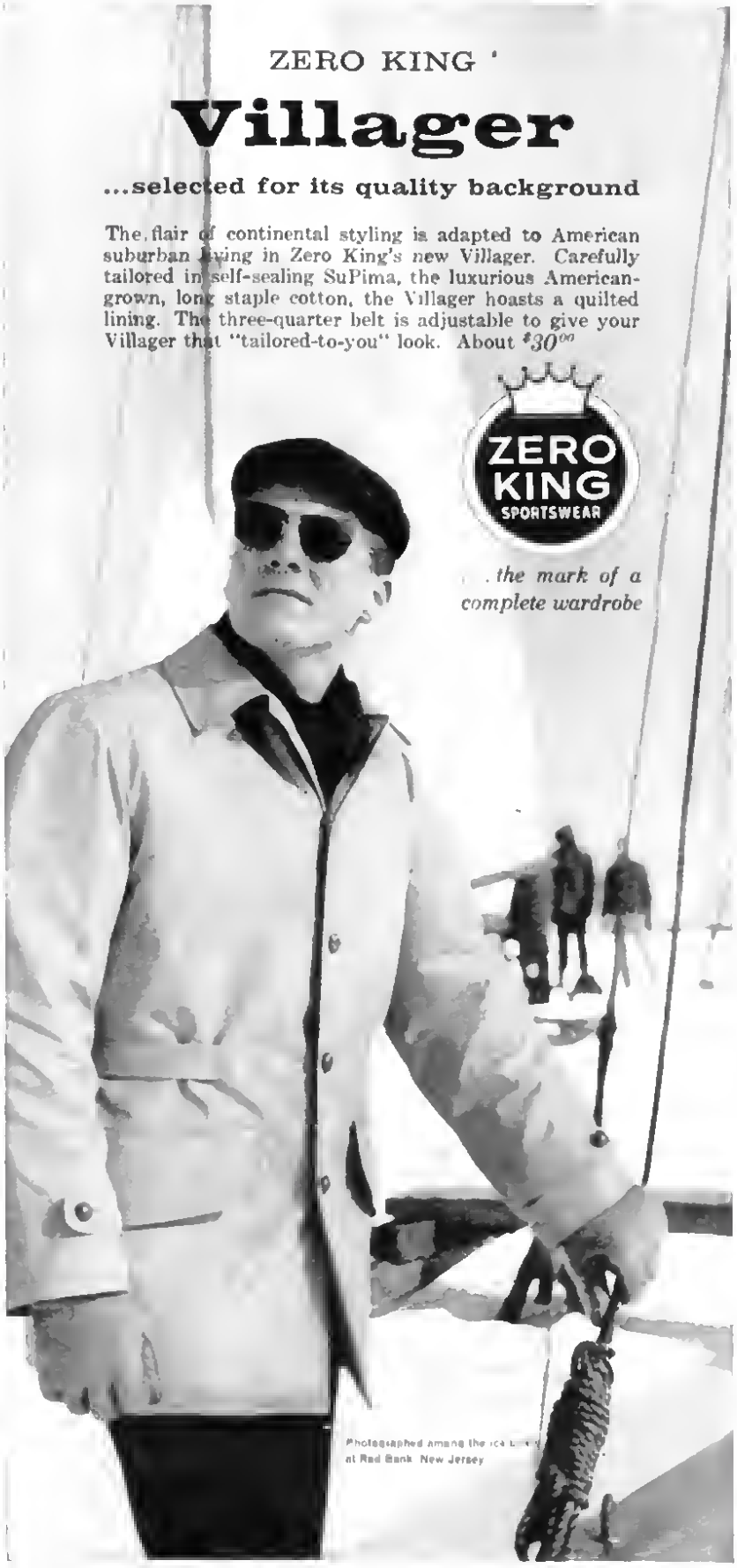
I relit my headlight. All at once, a black patch showed in the shaft, cutting off the light above. Instinctively I drew in my shoulders below my helmet and pressed up against the rock, holding my breath in expectation of falling stones, a sound no speleologist can ever forget once he has heard it. But barely a sound came, only a light rustling followed by a slap in a puddle and a splash.

"I've just dropped my scarf. Pick it up, will you?"

So I got off with a fright. It was perhaps a fitting conclusion to the great adventure; for, though we spent yet another night and a day exploring various side galleries of the cave before beginning the arduous trip to the surface, the expedition was over. We had reached a vertical depth of 2,336 feet below the entrance to the cave, after traveling a total distance of 1.6 miles underground. We had, in fact, come close to the world's record, which we were to surpass in another attempt later on.

We descended into the Berger Chasm four more times. We worked our way down to 3,231 feet, far below the old world record of 2,336 feet. On Saturday, August 11, 1956, toward midnight, three men passed beyond the point "1,000 metres down." Reconnoitering, they reached approximately 3,608 feet by descending a very steeply sloping gallery. Beyond that was found a terminal siphon at 3,706 feet—the final and for the moment impassable obstacle before the Vats of Sassenage. Beyond the siphon the chasm still hides the last secret of the Starless River.

Will the group ever cross the 5,000-odd feet of the siphon that separates the Vats from our final depth of 3,706 feet? Only the future can tell. END



JOE FOSS CAMPAIGNS FOR ANTELOPE



After three luckless seasons the Marine hero who is now governor of South Dakota still hunts his wily prey with bow and arrow

by COLES PHINIZY

IN the early fall, when the seed stalks of the prairie grasses shine like new brass in the slanting sun, ranchers on the high plains of South Dakota get a sudden but not unexpected visit from Joe Foss, governor of the state. The 42-year-old, hunting, flying governor alights among them wearing blue jeans and a Stetson, with a cigar stub clamped in his mouth, a quiver of arrows on his back and a fancy, lacquered, recurved hunting bow in hand. Joe Foss bids his ranching friends hello and disappears out on the prairie. When he returns three days later, his pants heavy with dust and his cigar stub nested in a stubbly beard, Joe has left two or three of his arrows somewhere in the sage and he has nothing tangible to show for the loss.

Foss's habit of dropping suddenly out of the sky is nothing new—he campaigned that way for governor. His pants and Stetson are typical enough, too, and the cigar is a familiar identification mark, harking back 15 years to Guadalcanal, where, as a Marine captain, cigar-chewing Joe Foss shot down 26 Japanese planes in less than four months. Foss has always loved hunting. He has hunted almost every game species in South Dakota, done a fair bit of hunting elsewhere, and by now almost all Dakota knows him as a hunter who seldom misses. But this going out on the prairie with a bow and coming back empty-handed is something new.

What Governor Foss seeks with his

AWAITING PREY. Governor Foss, hoping for an antelope with trophy horns, crouches low as young buck prances past.

bow on the prairie, and what he has yet to get in two seasons of trying, is a pronghorn antelope, the most handsome creature of the high plains. South Dakotans, keeping pace with the generally growing popularity of bow hunting, have been letting fly more and more arrows every year at deer and antelope. Very few of their arrows to date have landed in antelope. The antelope being what it is, the fastest mammal of this continent and reputedly second only to the cheetah in the world, most Dakota archers have preferred to play for surer shots at deer. In the three years since the state set aside a special bow season for antelope, 246 hunters have tried and 17 have succeeded. So the odds for the antelope, roughly, are 15 to 1, which means Governor Foss should get his antelope some time in the next 12 years if his supply of arrows, cigars and patience lasts that long.

Joe Foss intends to keep at it. It is the long-shot odds that have attracted Foss and 95 other bow hunters to the sport again this year.

"Shooting an antelope with a gun," Joe Foss says, "is like pouring sand in a sleeping man's ear. It's hard to miss. But hunting them with a bow is the dangdest occupation you ever saw. Last year I fired 16 arrows at antelope, most of them going by me full bore. I missed them all. [Hunters who were with Foss testify that he actually came close twice, rattling arrows off the horns of two bucks.] When you can get 16 shots at antelope in two days, you really don't care whether you get any meat."

For a good gun hunter the antelope is, as Governor Foss claims, a pushover, a species that is getting easier and easier to push over in this day of improved powder loads and super scopes, a fact borne out by a look at the records. From the statistics it has kept, the South Dakota Game, Fish and Parks Department knows that somewhere between 89% and 94%, of the gun hunters issued permits each year will come off the ranges with antelope. In fact, by sundown of the first day of the nine-day season, 80% of the gun hunters have their antelope and are heading home. This is the sort of hunter success that some states would be hard put to beat if they had open season on dairy cows.

Early records indicate that the antelope was a fairly easy shot even in the days of low-powered muzzle loaders and iron sights. The first men who came with firearms found the plains aswarm with them. The antelope population then is reckoned to have been more than 20 million and possibly twice that. When the naturalist, John James Audubon, moved through the West over a century ago he was much taken by the pomp and elegance of the antelope's walk and trot and the swift beauty of a galloping herd, whose legs moved so fast they seemed to have no legs as they swept like a tawny wave over the grassy hills and swales.



BEFORE TAKING COVER, JOE FOSS SEARCHES THE PRAIRIE FOR MOVING ANTELOPE HERDS

Curious and nervous

Here was a handsome and different animal which naturalists felt obliged to place as a species in a family and genus of its own. It is somewhat like the antelope of Africa, and like a giraffe and like a goat (the female is commonly called a "doe" and the young of the year commonly a "kid"). Its pronged horns are true horns, yet it sheds them annually like deer antlers. The antelope has eyes that would shame an eagle, the curiosity of a crow and, when nervous, it barks like a dog. It is an animal seemingly proud of its speed. In the old days a small herd catching sight of a rider on a galloping horse sometimes would come galloping toward the man and race along on a parallel course. Then, after a mile or so, as if to brand man and horse as slow, inferior things, the herd would veer across the rider's course in near collision and leave the rider in dust. Antelope reputedly can run 65 miles an hour; they have been clocked reliably by wardens and biologists at more than 50 miles an hour. Adult antelope have been known to run four miles without stopping at over 30 miles an hour, and a month-old kid, beset by coyotes, was clocked at 20 miles an hour for five consecutive miles.

Around the turn of the century, under the heavy gunfire, the U.S. antelope population had dropped to about 17,000. Protective legislation has now put the breed on the road back. South Dakota alone this year has 17,000 head, and the total U.S. population is probably around 300,000. Several of

continued



IN MESS TENT, at the end of a vigorous day of antelope hunting, Governor Foss whiles away the evening matching wits with his bow-hunting cronies in a game of 10c poker.

ANTELOPE HUNT

continued

the antelope's habits make it particularly vulnerable to gunfire. It will often atop and stand in silhouette on high ground to survey the sweep ahead with its excellent eyes. This was smart enough in the day of the Indian and short-range arrows, but a poor thing after the coming of the gun. Early settlers found that by waving a flag on a atick they could draw curious antelope within easy range—close enough even for a good bow shot. But antelope do not get sucked in so easily any more.

In the past year Joe Foss has tried playing on the antelope's curiosity by raising one foot from his position of cover and waggling it, and by making whimpering noises like an injured jack rabbit. The antelope came closer, but not close enough, barked nervously at the governor and withdrew.

In this day when its number has been reduced from millions to thousands the antelope is far too spooked to gambol and race against every man and horse, too wary to come arunning after every waving flag. It has a sense of caution, imbued most often with an urge to keep moving, seeming never content to be where it is but always wanting to he somewhere on the next hill. In open, unbroken country where there is no better concealment than sage, a bow hunter has ahout as much chance of working up on the ever-restless antelope as he has of visiting the dark side of the moon. The hunter may crawl a half mile absorbing the fragrance of sage and the needles of cactus; the antelope meanwhile has prohahly seen him or merely moved on another mile for the sheer hell of it. On his last try with a bow Governor Foss and Game Warden Chuck Kilburn worked a buck into a fence corner for what looked like a sure shot for either man. The buck went over the fence.

Biologists attest that antelope are quite capable of clearing six-foot fences, but in the old days antelope would not jump fences. Most antelope will try to get through or under the wires rather than over, but the breed is getting smarter and some now jump.

In love with wildlife

An antelope hunting party led by Joe Foss probably has an edge on an average party of equal size. A Foss party is generally made up of men like himself, who are much in love with wildlife and very hep in the ways of all game. The game wardens of the state have gone in strongly for bow hunting, and when Foss goes for antelope he is accompanied by six or eight wardens, who are willing to take their chances against the governor at 10¢ poker at night and then enjoy the longer odds against antelope all day. The love that Dakota wardens have for wildlife is epitomized by Warden Kenny Scissons, who accompanied Foss on his vain try for antelope this season. When he lost the last of his own upper teeth, Scissons had elks' teeth built into his false uppers. He thereby qualifies as the only American who is part English, part French, part Sioux Indian and part elk. Scissons' love for wildlife skidded recently when he befriended two beavers by giving them a home in his cellar. The beavers went through all the carrots Scissons had stored up and then ate away the bottom of the cellar stairs. Scissons discovered this one night later when he hacked down the stairs carrying things and went tumbling across the cellar floor.

The best way Foss and his wardens have found to go for antelope is to pick terrain where there is some cover in draws or open washes along routes most used by antelope. Antelope do have a penchant for following fence lines and for crossing draws at specific points, but they are hy no means as set in their ways as woodland deer. When an antelope finally moves within range, it may be at a walk or traveling 20 miles an hour. At the hum of a bowstring the antelope will be gone. The hunter thus needs a fine set of eyes, skill at getting the arrow off fast and extreme skill at leading his target.

In these respects Joe Foss is fairly well set. At a mile and a half, a distance at which the average man can harely distinguish an antelope herd from the mixed colors of sage and grass, Foss can separate the herd into bucks, does and kids, appraise the size of the bucks' horns, and give a fair account of what each animal is doing at the moment. (Companions have checked his naked-eye reports with binoculars and found them to be astonishingly 100% correct.) It is, Governor Foss reckons, the eyesight and sense of leading the target developed as a hunter that helped him most against Japanese Zeros in the Pacific.

There is no doubt that Foss and other good bow hunters' chances for an antelope would he improved greatly if there were some sort of moving target for use in the long off season to sharpen the sense of lead needed against running antelope. Getting an arrow into an antelope is not so much a matter of aim, but more of gauging antelope speed and, quite literally, putting the arrow on a collision course. The sense of lead required in the sport was demonstrated in the last shot Joe Foss made this season. At 50-yard range Foss led a running buck by four body lengths and saw his arrow pass just behind the buck's rump.

The odds probably will alwaya he with the antelope, a fact that does not bother Joe Foss at all. "You tell me," he exulted after his last near miss, "where you can find such good sport in such heautiful country." END

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CARDS ON THE TABLE

As a bridge player, the author contends, your main aim should be to get fun out of the game, which is a competitive sport. But he also has a cheerful—and revolutionary—method of evaluating your own rating

HOW GOOD ARE YOU?

by CHARLES GOREN

IN TAKING up this very pleasant assignment, I have realized a lifelong ambition. At a time when most lads yearn to grow up to be cops, I was seized with a burning desire to become a sportswriter, an urge which grew almost irresistible when it became apparent that I lacked the talent to become a successful competitor.

Up to now, the closest I ever came was when I was a student at McGill University (where, some while later, four young ladies were to lure me into my very first game of bridge). I had been assigned to cover one of the important hockey matches of the season. My selection for this task was of doubtful wisdom, for I had never before seen so much as a single chukker of ice polo.

I have a vague recollection of treating the spectacle as though it were the Easter Parade, but I was disappointed when a painstaking perusal of the next editions failed to reveal a trace of my masterpiece in the sports columns or anywhere else. When I summoned up courage to inquire if my story was bad, the editor was consoling. "Not had at all, Goren. In fact, it was reasonably good," he soothed, "even though it had no relationship to hockey."

In recent years I have tried to scramble onto the sports page by pointing out to hardheaded sports editors that bridge has its heroes and its goats, its rabid rooters and its second-guessing quarterbacks, plus a fierce competitive element equal to that found in more active sports. They continued to report doings at the billiard table, the ping-pong table, even the chess table—but the bridge table? No, that would be carrying things too far.

At last, using the gifted pen of Somerset Maugham as a springboard, I am about to hurdle the long-standing barrier that has kept contract bridge off the sports page where it really belongs. I confess to a bit of stage fright, but I intend to write about bridge as a sport and expect to report anything which I believe the reader will find diverting.

Occasionally we shall dig into our personal archives for an unpublished hand of the nature of the one shown today. It was a perpetration of Hal Sims, who, despite his 300 pounds, could afford to play high-stake golf in a foursome with three professionals provided they would in turn play a few rubbers of high-stake bridge. The story has been filed under the caption "The Hand Is Quicker Than The Eye." The tournament involving this hand—a National Championship at Asbury Park, New Jersey—produced an offstage sensation in the shape of a bout of fisticuffs between Sims and another of the game's top-weights.

To a bridge player there is one thing more frustrating than bidding a grand slam in no trump lacking an ace. That is to hold an ace against a no-trump grand slam and never win a trick with it. In this remarkable deal East was victimized by Sims's neat bit of hocus-pocus. But he first fell victim to his own greed.

NORTH
♠ A K J 4
♥ K Q 10 4 3
♦ 6
♣ J 5 3

WEST
♠ 8 7 6 2
♥ 8 7 5
♦ J 8 4 3
♣ 8 7

EAST
♠ Q 10 9 5 3
♥
♦ A 10 9 7 2
♣ 9 4 2

SOUTH
♠
♥ A J 9 6 2
♦ K Q 5
♣ A K Q 10 6

With both sides vulnerable, South (Sims) dealt. The bidding went:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 ♥	Pass	3 ♥	Pass
3 ♠	Pass	6 ♠	Double
6 no trump	Pass	7 no trump	Double
Pass	Pass	Pass	

Perhaps South's cue bid in spades was unwise, especially in view of his partner's weird leap to six in that suit, and his unrealistic push to a grand slam after Sims bid six no trump, trying to extricate himself from six spades.

East was guilty of avarice when he doubled six spades. He was to pay dearly for it. From the sound and fury of East's doubles, West's lead of a spade was entirely logical.

continued

BRIDGE

continued

Sims counted 12 tricks: five hearts, five clubs and two spades. A successful spade finesse would produce the 13th —but it was impossible that the spade finesse could succeed. Sims had to find another way of pulling a rabbit out of the hat.

He took dummy's ace of spades and king of spades, discarding diamonds from his hand. Then, playing swiftly as he always did, Sims cashed his five club tricks, discarding a low spade and the lone diamond from North's hand. Now he was ready for the hocus-pocus. He cashed his heart ace, "accidentally —on purpose" playing dummy's 4. He played his heart jack, overtaking with dummy's queen. And he continued leading down the hearts until dummy remained on lead with the lowly 3.

East knew, of course, that South had another heart. He knew, too, that South did not have a spade. So he threw away the queen of spades in order to hold his ace of diamonds, expecting that South would win the last heart trick.

But East had taken his eye off the ball. When South produced his last heart, instead of being one that would win the trick and force him to surrender a diamond to East's ace, it was the lowly deuce—small enough to crawl under dummy's 3. So North, not South, won the 12th trick. And North, not East, won the vital 13th that brought home the grand slam.

It would be an appalling task to remember all 52 cards in every deal, and it is seldom necessary to do so. Let's see, for example, how East might have concentrated his attention upon the trey and deuce of hearts.

After the very first trick East could forget about the spades except for those he could see in North's hand, because South had already shown out. The next three tricks eliminated his concern about clubs. And from South's discards on tricks one and two, it was obvious that the only diamond of any consequence to East was his own ace.

Skillful deception

That left his mind free to concentrate upon hearts. The reason he was led astray, however, was that it did not seem important to him—since he did not have a heart in his hand—to pay much attention to that suit. Against the skillful deceptive tactics of an operator like Sims, even a foremost expert might have been taken off guard. It's all very human, which makes contract bridge such great fun.

Now let me offer a few suggestions that may serve to jog your memory.

First: Take a good look at the cards that have been played, for it will be impossible to recall what you have not seen. A careful concentration on each trick before it is turned may serve to imprint a photograph in your mind, one that you can pull out of the files later, if it should become necessary. However, in many cases you will find that it won't be necessary.

Second: It is the height of futility to try to remember all the cards that have been played. Start by remembering only what card is now high. Suppose, for example, the first two leads of a suit have slaughtered the six highest cards. Instead of remembering that the ace, king, queen, jack, 10 and 9 have been played, you can catalog the same information by remembering that the 8 is high.

Third: Make a special effort to remember the discards. Most tricks in bridge consist of four cards in the same suit. If you remember those tricks in which some player fails to follow suit and recall how many times the suit was led, it will be a relatively simple task to calculate how many of that suit have already been played.

Can you then be confident that you will know the 3 to be high? Probably not. But you will rarely run up against the kind of legerdemain to which East was subjected in that deal.

No one knows exactly how many bridge players there are in North America, but 50 million would be a reasonable guess. Of these, perhaps 35 million actually play or have at some time played a real game at the bridge table. The other 15 million are "napkin" players, who like to figure out the bidding and the play of hands shown in bridge columns although they never actually sit down and play with a deck of cards and three other players. Their analyses are recorded in postprandial discussions in which the table napkin serves as the blackboard.

Of these 50 million, perhaps only 5 million play regularly, and fewer than one million play well. Perhaps 100,000 are good enough to take part in tournaments; somewhat over 1,000 have done extremely well in these bridge events and have earned the American Contract Bridge League's top rating of Life Master; fewer than 100 are recognized by their peers as experts; perhaps a dozen are the caliber of superstar who would rate All-America if there were such a class in bridge.

Where do you stand in this army? To get a good idea, try your bidding skill on the following quiz. Take a pencil and note the bids you would make with the 14 hands shown on the facing page, after that I shall give you a score for your bids. But—always remember —your score is not important if you have fun playing bridge or working out bridge problems.



LOCKER ROOM VISITOR to pregame Dodger bridge set is Charles Goren (*in civvies*). Playing the hand is Billy Herman (22), while Ed Roebuck (37) and Gil Hodges defend.

ON OPPOSITE PAGE ARE 14 HANDS TO TEST YOUR RATING

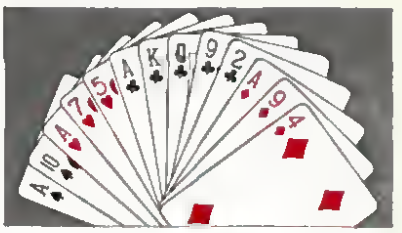
THE PROBLEMS



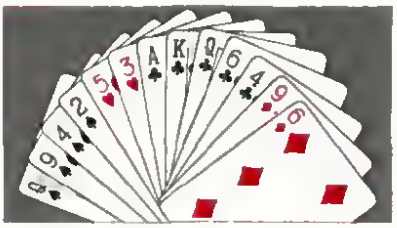
1 You are dealer and vulnerable. What is your opening bid?



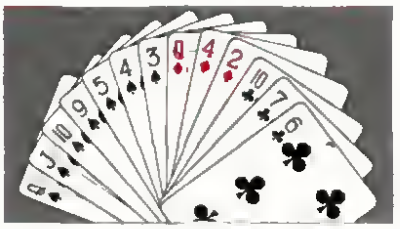
2 You are dealer and vulnerable. What is your opening bid?



3 You are dealer and vulnerable. What is your opening bid?



4 Both sides vulnerable. Your partner bids one no trump, your right-hand opponent passes. What is your bid?



5 Both sides vulnerable. Your partner bids one no trump, your right-hand opponent passes. What is your bid?



6 Both sides vulnerable. Your partner bids one no trump, your right-hand opponent passes. What is your bid?



7 Both vulnerable. Opponent bids two clubs over your partner's opening no-trump bid. What is your bid?



8 Both vulnerable. Opponent bids two clubs over your partner's opening no-trump bid. What is your bid?



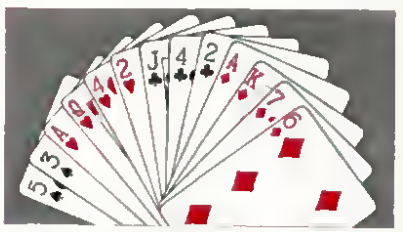
9 Both vulnerable. Opponent bids two clubs over your partner's opening no-trump bid. What is your bid?



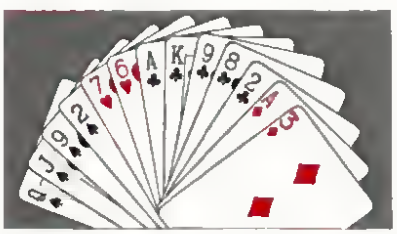
10 Neither vulnerable. Opponent bids two diamonds over your partner's one spade. What do you bid?



11 Neither vulnerable. Opponent bids two diamonds over your partner's one spade. What do you bid?



12 Neither vulnerable. Your right hand opponent opens the bidding with one heart. What is your bid?



13 Neither vulnerable. Your right-hand opponent opens the bidding with one heart. What is your bid?



14 Neither vulnerable. Your right-hand opponent opens the bidding with one heart. What is your bid?

TURN PAGE FOR ANSWERS

Note your bids—and then check your bridge rating

HERE ARE THE ANSWERS

Awards for various bids range from 5 points, for the best answer, down to 0.

1

One no trump	5 points
One heart	3 points
Two no trump	1 point
Two hearts.	0 points

The winning bid on this hand is one no trump. The hand is evenly balanced and contains 17 high-card points. Note that only 3 points are allowed for the bid of one heart, for the reason that future bidding is much more difficult if the hand is opened in this manner. If, for example, partner responds with a bid of one no trump to the opening bid of a heart, it will be difficult to decide whether or not to go on. The other two calls are actually not worth considering but are included for the sake of completeness. One point is allowed for the bid of two no trump only because it is superior to the opening bid of two hearts.

•

2

One diamond	5 points
One club	4 points
One no trump	1 point
One spade	0 points

The best bid is one diamond, the suit below the singleton, though an opening bid of one club might work out just as well. However, we allow 1 point below perfect for this answer. One point is allowed for the reply of one no trump simply to recognize the human desire to cash 150 honors. We allow no credit for the bid of one spade, which would make it rather difficult to develop the bidding.

•

3

Two no trump	5 points
Two clubs	4 points
Three no trump	2 points
One club	1 point
One no trump	0 points

The perfect bid is two no trump. The hand is worth 22 points when we add a point for possession of all four aces. The next best call is two clubs, which is forcing to game, and so would not work out quite as well if partner had a complete blank. Three no trump is allowed 2 points simply because it might prove the winning procedure with a timid partner. One point is allowed for the bid of a club merely because there is little risk of a pass-out, but no credit is given to an opening bid of one no trump, which will almost surely be passed by partner.

•

4

Two clubs	5 points
Three no trump	4 points
Three clubs	3 points
Two no trump	1 point
Two spades	0 points

The maximum award is given for the bid of two clubs. This is conventional and requires the no-trump bidder to name a four-card major suit if he has one. If that situation develops, then surely a contract of four spades should be superior. The next best score is awarded for the bid of three no trump. The hand contains 11 high-card points and the partnership possesses at least 27. A bid of three clubs is acceptable because as a jump bid it is forcing to game. But it has the disadvantage of divulging too much information to the adversaries. We reluctantly award a point for the bid of two no trump simply because it is better than the call of two spades, for which we award the booby prize.

•

5

Four spades	5 points
Three spades	3 points
Two spades	2 points
Pass	0 points

Full credit is given to the bid of four spades, which is a sound gamble supporting a 16-point hand. Next in line comes three spades, which is forcing to game and is therefore equivalent to four spades, but it has the disadvantage of promising greater high-card strength than the hand contains. The slightest award is given to two spades simply because the holder took some action, but the pass with this highly unbalanced hand receives no credit at all. In fact, in a more severe moment, we might charge a demerit.

6

Three no trump	5 points
Three spades	4 points
Two no trump	1 point
Two spades	0 points

Full credit goes to the bid of three no trump with this hand, which is evenly balanced and contains 10 high-card points. The next best bid is three spades, forcing to game, but we prefer not to resort to this call with such an evenly balanced hand. A take-out to two spades, which more or less obliges the opener to pass, is given no credit whatsoever. The award of 1 point to the bid of two no trump is charitable, but at least there is some hope that the partner might carry on.

•

7

Double	5 points
Pass	3 points
Two diamonds.	1 point
Two no trump	0 points

The 100% bid is double. While the game is doubtful, a penalty is assured. The pass is awarded second-best score because the hand is not quite good enough for two no trump. We give no credit for the raise of the original no-trump bid with 7 points and a balanced hand. A slight award is given for the bid of two diamonds, which is construed as a weakness call.

•

8

Two no trump	5 points
Double	2 points
Pass	1 point
Two diamonds	1 point

Full award for the bid of two no trump. A stopper in the adverse suit is not necessary when partner opens with one no trump. The hand contains 9 points in high cards, and even a bid of three no trump might be acceptable in view of the texture of the five-card suit. An award of 2 points is made for the penalty double, since it is doubtful that the opponents can win eight tricks against an opening no trump. The award of 1 point for the bid of two diamonds is rather more than the bid deserves. Giving 1 point for a pass displays a liberal streak in this department's nature.

•

9

Three clubs	5 points
Three no trump	4 points
Double	3 points
Two hearts	2 points
Two spades	2 points

Full credit is given for the bid of three clubs, a postgraduate call. A cue bid

forces the partnership to an eventual game contract. It is made in the hope that partner will name a major suit. The next best call is three no trump, for with 13 high-card points game is assured. An award of 3 points is made for a double because the adversaries should be overwhelmed on sheer power. Minor awards are given for the bids of two hearts, two spades, which with some luck might pan out. However, these calls are not recommended.

•

10

Two spades	5 points
Pass	3 points
Two no trump	2 points
Double	1 point
Three clubs	0 points

The best bid is a single raise to two spades. Our second choice is the pass. Slight credit is given for the call of two no trump, which on this sequence should be based on a somewhat better high-card holding. Award of 1 point is made for the double, just to pay respect to an enterprising nature. The bid we should like to reprimand is three clubs. Showing one's five-card suit does not justify the risk involved in launching a bidding campaign. A three-club bid would force partner to speak again and could readily lead to an unmanageable situation.

•

11

Double	5 points
Pass	3 points
Two hearts	2 points
Two no trump	1 point
Three clubs	0 points

Double. Opposite a partner who has opened the bidding, this should be profitable. The pass is our second choice. And slight credit is awarded for the bid of two hearts, which in some cases might work out well. We take a dim view of the bid of two no trump for the purpose of showing the diamond stopper. However, we allow a consolation 1 point because it is superior to a bid of three clubs.

•

12

Pass	5 points
One no trump	3 points
Double	2 points
Two diamonds	1 point

Top billing goes to the pass. There should be no anxiety to bid; your best prospect for a profit is to set the opponents. If the urge to bid does exist, the only reasonable call is one no trump, but this lacks by 2 points the standard requirement. We allow slight credit for the double for the benefit of those who could not hold their peace. Award of 1 point for the two-diamond call is made for the purpose of recognizing determination. This is a sure way to impair one's credit in the community.

•

13

Double	5 points
Pass	3 points
One spade	3 points
Two clubs	2 points

A double is the clear form of action. This is for a take-out. Our next choice lies between a pass, awaiting developments, and an overcall of one spade. The overcall of two clubs is least favored in our scheme. Minor-suit overcalls have so little to gain. However, since this is a reasonably sound hand, a limited award is made for competing.

•

14

Two hearts	5 points
Double	4 points
Two spades	2 points
One spade	1 point

The cue bid of two hearts, forcing to game, receives a full award. The next best call is a double. We allow only 1 point for the overcall of one spade, which is drastically inadequate. The award of 2 points for the bid of two spades is made out of consideration to those players who have not yet become familiar with our new pre-emptive jump overcall. END

YOUR RATING

EXPERT
63 to 70





TOP RANK
56 to 62

GOOD
42 to 55





AVERAGE
28 to 41

UNDER 28
You need a few lessons



BONNIE PRUDDEN

14

This variation of the pelvic tilt trims and limbers hips and thighs

The pelvic tilt, kneeling, is a variation of an exercise you learned in Bonnie Prudden's first lesson, August 5—the pelvic tilt, supine. By now you know enough exercises to pick and choose and still achieve the minimum of 15 minutes of vigorous activity per day. When you vary your program, try to substitute exercises that work the same parts of the body as the ones omitted. By doing so, you won't overwork one set of muscles and ignore another. Remember that it is better to do a number of different exercises than many repetitions of the same one. This exercise helps you attain good posture and efficient body movement. If you can't keep your instep flat on the floor as shown in the pictures, roll up a towel and place it under your ankles.





Sit on your heels with your back arched and your hands resting on your thighs (*above*). Without raising the level of your head more than two or three inches, tilt the pelvis forward (*right*), taking the strain on the thighs. Tighten your seat and abdominal muscles. Repeat this exercise four more times.



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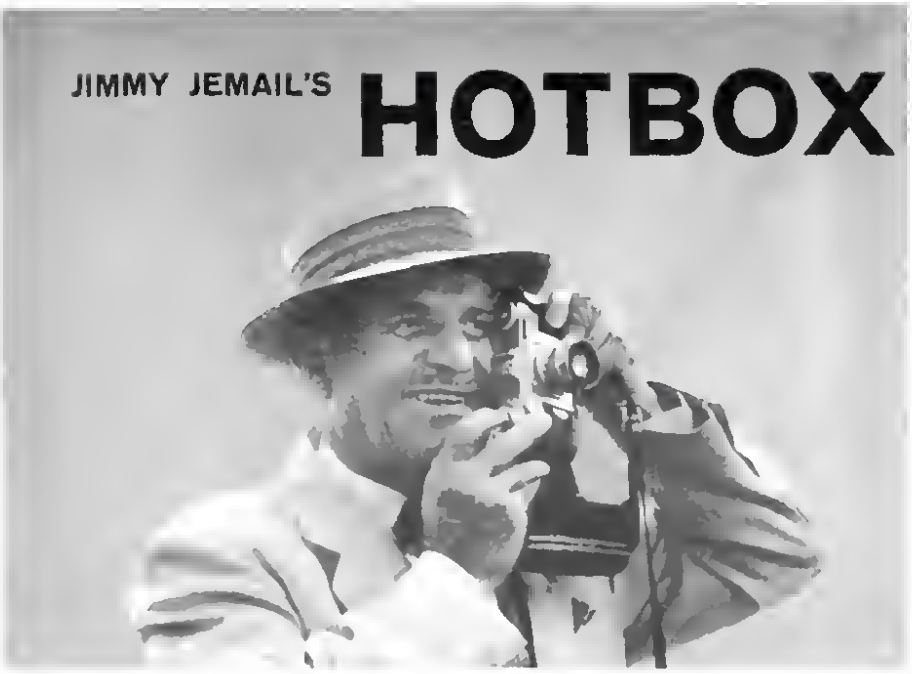
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JIMMY JEMAIL'S HOTBOX



THE QUESTION: *After a lapse of several years, the Army-Notre Dame game is being revived. How does this game compare with other football classics?*

MAYOR JONN B. HYNES



Boston

It doesn't rank with the Army-Navy game, which is a great tradition. However, there is no better football than the Army-Notre Dame. The so-called subway alumni have adopted Notre Dame as their team, which gives an Army-Notre Dame game a different flavor than an Ivy League contest.

RICHARD C. PATTERSON JR.



New York City Commissioner of Commerce and Public Events

There's no college football game which is technically superior to the Army-Notre Dame game. Top football makes this game what it is, while pageantry and the carnival spirit make the Army-Navy game a spectacle that all of us, including the ladies, will travel many miles to see.

MAYOR C. B. NARVEY



Key West, Fla.

I'd rank the Army-Navy game first in national interest, the Orange Bowl classic second and the Army-Notre Dame game third. I'm not prejudiced about the Orange Bowl. It's grown with the years to the point where the pageantry between the halves is marvelous and unmatched in the country.

MAYOR NORRIS POULSON



Los Angeles

When I was a Congressman, I saw the Army-Navy game every year. Now I see the Rose Bowl game. I expect more finished football in an Army-Notre Dame game, but Army-Navy is a great rivalry where the kids play over their heads. Of course, there's no finer pageantry than the Rose Bowl.

MAYOR EDWARD D. BERGIN



Waterbury, Conn.

This game has done a lot to build football and arouse public interest. Rivalries like Harvard-Yale, Princeton-Dartmouth and Columbia-Brown are great for New England, but Army-Notre Dame attracts the nation. I'm a Holy Cross grad. We can lick all those teams, except Notre Dame.

MAYOR THOMAS S. WELSH



St. Clair Shores, Mich.

You have to rank the Army-Notre Dame game with the top college classics. The game attracts the attention of every pro football scout in the country and holds the interest of every rabid football fan. It's the one college game played in the same manner that the pros play football.

MAYOR ROBERT F. WAGNER



New York City

The Army-Notre Dame game is great football and a great attraction. But perfect football becomes secondary when your alma mater is playing. I'm a Yale man. The Harvard-Yale game is one of the oldest of football rivalries. I wouldn't miss it, even when both teams are undermanned.

MAYOR ANTHONY J. CELEBREZZE



Cleveland

It has more national appeal than a Big Ten conference game, which is sectional even when they're playing for the conference title. But my team is the Cleveland Browns. The entire country watches when they play for the world championship. You see almost perfect football.

MAYOR DAVID L. LAWRENCE



Pittsburgh

Notre Dame draws everywhere and the Army-Notre Dame game will fill any bowl. Although these teams play top college football, the game is not as great a spectacle and doesn't attract as much national interest as the contest between Army and Navy and some bowl games.

MAYOR FARRELL O. SMITH



Corpus Christi, Texas

I like to watch this game as much as any traditional classic, but the Cotton Bowl game is more interesting to me because of its local nature. I love to watch Texas, my alma mammy, play but I really hate that sickening feeling I get in my stomach every week when they let me down.



Of Horses and Beauty

Elizabeth Nightingale Graham
(Elizabeth Arden)

The president and founder of one of the world's largest cosmetic companies is also the First Lady of the Turf. With hundreds of salons all over the world, the Elizabeth Arden name is an international synonym for beauty — but Miss Arden's second universe of accomplishment has its core at her racing stable, Maine Chance Farm. Her horses have won every important racing event, including the Kentucky Derby.

My business is to make women beautiful. My sport is to raise beautiful horses. It's no coincidence that it has always seemed to me that beautiful women are something like beautiful horses: they both need a great deal of care, fresh air and exercise.

Because my fsther had thoroughbreds, the thrill that comes from being close to horses came naturally to me. I remember the day when I bought my first saddle horse, a lovely mare named *Leading Lady.* The pride and satisfaction in owning her were like nothing I had experienced before—and I knew that I must alwsys have horses of my own.

No one can be with horses without understanding the qualities they have which belong to all sport — qualities of beauty and movement, color and competition. Horses — I love them!

It is these same qualities in sport which SPORTS ILLUSTRATED reports each week. And when anyone asks me about SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, I say the same thing: "I love it!"

Elizabeth Arden

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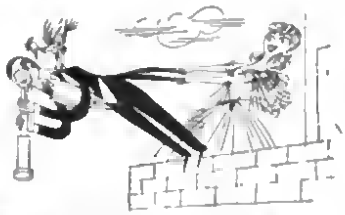
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TIP FROM THE TOP



from **JIMMY HINES**

Thunderbird CC, Palm Springs, Calif.

ESPECIALLY FOR OLDER GOLFERS

One of the most misunderstood movements of the golf swing is the pivot on the backswing. Actually, unless the player is very young or unusually agile, I advocate a *lateral* shift of weight rather than a corkscrew pivot. For golfers who have had bad backs or are getting on in age, this lateral shift is far more effective. For golfers of all ages, it is much more conducive to good balance.

To achieve a lateral shift, the player should take the club head back in a straight line until his hands get hip high. Then, the cocking of the wrists and the normal coiling of the hips will put the player in a hitting position at the top of the backswing where he will not only have excellent balance but will also be able to keep the club head on line through the ball much longer than otherwise. This makes for straighter and longer shots. I have seen golfers over 60 years of age outdriving men 20 years younger because they used a correct lateral shift.

By lateral shift I do not mean lateral sway. Nor do I mean not turning the hips. What the lateral shift means is this: a moderate hip turn, with the back and the shoulders making a more restrained turn than in the corkscrew type of pivot.



NEXT WEEK: *FAY CROCKER ON THE WELDED GRIP*

19th HOLE — THE READERS TAKE OVER

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR: NOMINATIONS OPEN (CONT.)

Sirs:

Since nominations for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sportsman of the Year are now opened (19TH HOLE, Oct. 7) I would like to cite my choice for that distinction. It is Stirling Moss.

Race driving demands great courage; thoughtful courage as opposed to brute bravery. Apart from mountaineering, no other sport courts death or affords the vision of your friends and rivals mangled, burned or dead.

Moss is intelligent and articulate, he writes readably about his cars and races. He has seen and weighed the risks, but nonetheless has expressed his private optimism by becoming engaged to be married to a woman who understands his unquenchable fire for racing. It is the flame, the passion and the dedication, allied to humour and understanding, that distinguishes for me the true sportsman in Stirling Moss.

ROGER BANNISTER

London

● Roger Bannister, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's first Sportsman of the Year, bears as his distinction those same qualities. —ED.

SPECIAL FOOTBALL ISSUE: GREAT WORK, GUYS

Sirs:

The 1957 Football Issue ($1, Sept. 23) is the greatest football issue of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED or any other magazine covering football I've ever read. It's so amazingly comprehensive, it's hard to imagine all the great work you put into it.

Great work, guys. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is just fantabulous!

HOWIE SCHWARTZ

Brooklyn

Sirs:

The edition issued earlier on baseball (Special Baseball Issue, April 15), together with the Football Issue make SPORTS ILLUSTRATED worth the price of subscription alone.

F. GLENN OTIS

Washington, D.C.

Sirs:

Your 128-page Football Issue was a solid hit—chiefly because of the picture and 15-line story of Gabby Hartnett and his epic 1938 home run. Apologies, but in these parts most of us are victims of an uncontrollable and incurable devotion to Gabby, the greatest catcher since, and including, Adam.

JIM MURPHY

Pawtucket, R.I.

EVASHEVSKI: MORE LIKE HIM

Sirs:

Iconoclast Evashevski has done this loyal heart proud (*A Heretic Speaks his Mind*, Special Football Issue, Sept. 23). How relieved could one person be to finally hear, openly and boldly, that there *is* one prominent coach who believes there is more to football than helping the hated enemy wipe off his uniform after a grinding, muddy tackle. Certainly, Evashevski will be snarled at, despised and completely ridiculed for his honest stand, but let me say here that he has earned my undying respect for putting football where it should always have been: pictured as the greatest of do-or-die sports.

I firmly believe that there should be no punishment for losing, as long as the loser has done everything within his mortal power to win and can truthfully vow that he could have done no better; but let's teach them *not* to lose.

The good-sport mama's boys may be sensitive and well-rounded in character in the opinion of some; nevertheless, I'll take the guy who fights to get ahead. I'll promise you that when the chips are down, the one whose desire to win is second nature to him will be the one who hauls them in, and is much the better man for it.

JEAN D. HANSFORD, USAF

Wilmington, Ohio

Sirs:

This story was probably the most terrific "knock-the-man-down" article ever published regarding college football ethics.

Coach Forest Evashevski unveils his inner nature and seems to have captured the true spirit of football. Perhaps the reason for Iowa having such a successful team . .

CHARLES F. KILLERREW

Galveston, Texas

Sirs:

Your recent article, *A Heretic Speaks his Mind*, purported to be the expression of Coach Forest Evashevski, football coach at the University of Iowa, borders on insane journalism. Just how far can an ambitious, but irrational, writer go in his effort to create sensational journalism?

For any coach to express himself as the article implied would mean professional suicide. I have known Coach Evashevski for some time, his coaching philosophies and all-round general standards in his association with young manhood are above reproach. There may be other coaches, not of Big Ten and Rose Bowl championship caliber, who might go along with the attitudes expressed in the warped article.

TOM E. KARIAN

West Des Moines, Iowa

Sirs:

Why do you detest the University of Iowa? SPORTS ILLUSTRATED always refers to the University of Iowa, its teams, and its personnel in a slurring manner.

The snide article after the Rose Bowl game attempted to give the impression that Iowa had won by spurious means and dubious ability.

Now comes the article concerning the coach of the University of Iowa. Evashevski has a television program during the season, so that the people of Iowa know that he has poise, a sense of humor and a surprising command of the English language. Your article does not give that same impression.

It is just as well that your readers do not know the true personality of Evashevski or

continued



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1933, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, United States Code, Section 233) SHOWING THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published weekly at Chicago, Illinois, for October 1, 1957.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, H. R. S. Phillips, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Editor-in-Chief, R. Lucy, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Managing Editor, W. E. James, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, R. R. Ammarell Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Time Incorporated, Time and Life Building, New York 20, New York, that the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock are: Henry P. Davison, c/o J. P. Morgan & Company, P. O. Box 1266, New York, N. Y., William V. Griffin, 20 Exchange Place, New York 5, N. Y., Irving Trust Company, New York City, successor trustee under the will of Ernest Hadden for the benefit of Elizabeth Busch Pool, c/o Irving Trust Company, Custodian Department, 1 Wall Street, New York 15, N. Y., Margaret Zerbe Larsen, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y., Roy E. Larsen, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y., Henry R. Luce, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y., The Henry Luce Foundation Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y., Samuel W. Meek, c/o Greenwich Trust Company, Greenwich, Conn.

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3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amounts of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

5. The average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the 12 months preceding the date shown above was: 735,393.

(Signed) Raymond R. Ammarell, Jr.
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1957.

(seal) (Signed) Sallie A. McGovern
(My commission expires March 30, 1958)

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they would get the impression that the integrity of your writers is open to question Here is a young, capable coach with sincere intentions and you are trying to picture him as a despicable, profane demagogue. . . .

CHARLES W. MAPLETHORPE JR., M.D.
Toledo, Iowa

AND WHERE ARE WE?

Sirs:

I imagine that you will receive several hundred letters from indignant alumni, from Fishkill State Teachers to Petrified Forest Tech And you deserve the criticism.

My old school is Ohio University, Athens, Ohio, enrollment in excess of 6,000. It is a member of the NCAA-recogoized Mid-America Conference, which ranks at least with the Yankee and the Skyline It is guided by a "coach of the year," Carroll Widdoes. It has had only a handful of losing seasons in the last 35 In its gridiron history it boasts of victories over the likes of Navy, Illinois and West Virginia, to mention a few. It fields a representative team garnered through a minimum of interstate recruiting It will handle itself well in the conference, of which Miami of Ohio, which you listed as an independent, is a member. In short, we should have been in if some of those others were

No, you don't have to cancel my subscription. But in the future your editorial judgment should cause you to be either very exclusive or all-inclusive If Maine and Vermont get in, Ohio and a number of others are going to want in, too

MARTIN BLAU
White Plains, N.Y.

Sirs:

. . . The defending Mid-America Conference champion Bowling Green, with a very strong returning team, received nary a word

DAVE BONES
Toledo

Sirs:

Considering that Trinity went undefeated in 1954 and 1955, it surprised us that no preseason sketch appeared in your 1957 Football Issue.

J. B. NORRIS
Hartford, Conn.

Sirs:

I'm flabbergasted that your usually competent staff omitted Lenoir Rhyne College, Hickory, N.C.

Lenoir Rhyne College posted undefeated records in 1955 and 1956, including wins over Emory & Henry one of your featured schools by a 20-9 score in 1955 and 25-6 in 1956.

LESLIE CONRAD JR.
Philadelphia

Sirs:

We were very disappointed that our college, Westminster College, was excluded. We feel that we should have been recognized for our achievement over the past three years. We have been undefeated in our past 21 games. Last season we were rated 15th in the East in Dick Dunkel's Power Index Rating over such notable teams as Boston University, Pennsylvania,

Gettysburg, Dartmouth, Columbia and Rutgers. For a nonconference college of 1,200 students we consider this an exceptionally fine record.

RICHARD H. WALKER
New Wilmington, Pa.

Sirs:

Howling with the many, "You left my alma mater out," how could you overlook Harvey C. Chrouser's 12-year record at Wheaton College (Ill.) of 72 wins, 17 losses, 2 ties and seven College Conference of Illinois championships?

RAY H. SMITH
Arlington, Va.

● There are on our staff five men whose colleges (Rochester, St. Louis' Washington University, Bowdoin, Marietta College and Texas A & I) were not mentioned. We hear from them, too, every morning in the elevator.—ED.

BRIDGE: INTRAMURAL COMPETITION

Sirs:

I was very pleased to see that Charlie Goren had become a regular contributor to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED (Sept. 16). This will add immeasurably to my enjoyment of the magazine. The only trouble is, I will now have to be more alert in order to get it before my wife does.

ROBERT T. JONES JR.
Atlanta

● For golf immortal Bob Jones's peace of mind we are giving Mrs. Jones her very own subscription.—ED.

Sirs:

Congratulations on your opening lead in the very first deal of your venture into the bridge world.

May I suggest, both to you and Mr. Goren, that he might call his bridge articles Trick from the Top.

ALVIN A. SCHAYE, M.D.
New York City

Sirs:

Just a note to tell you that the Goren article on bridge was terrific. My rubber-bridge playing friends gave it a good mark and are waiting for more.

A lot of your subscribers have waited patiently for some good bridge articles. Keep up the high standards set in your first article.

J. L. HERLIHY
Rear Admiral, USN
Norfolk, Va.

Sirs:

It was with deep interest and great pleasure that I read your article by Charles H. Goren. It was simply wonderful.

I have known and played bridge with Charlie for the past 15 years. He was, and still is, my favorite partner.

I believe he will go down in posterity with the immortals, being to bridge what Tilden was to tennis, Hoppe to billiards, Jones to golf, Ruth to baseball, etc. Keep the articles going!

I am happier now than ever that I just renewed my subscription.

EDWARD COHN
Philadelphia

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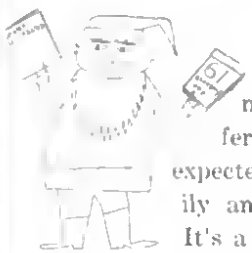
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HENRY ABELS

Henry Abels of Springfield, Ill. shot his first round of golf during Teddy Roosevelt's first year in the White House, and now, at 90, he's still going strong. Each year since he was 71 he has shot a score that equaled his age, and he intends to go on doing so until he's 100. An erect, sprightly man of 128 pounds, Abels estimates that he has played 8,300 rounds of his favorite game. "It gets easier as I get older, of course," he grins.

As honorary president of the Franklin Life Insurance Company of Springfield—the company with which he started 59 years ago as auditor and from which he retired as board chairman in 1952—Abels puts in a five-day week dealing with problems of company policy. But he has never, in all his years, brought shop talk to the links. "If you discuss business on the golf course, both the business and the golf suffer. If I have any secret about coming along this far it is that I maintain a strong interest in my work when I work and a strong interest in my golf when I play golf."

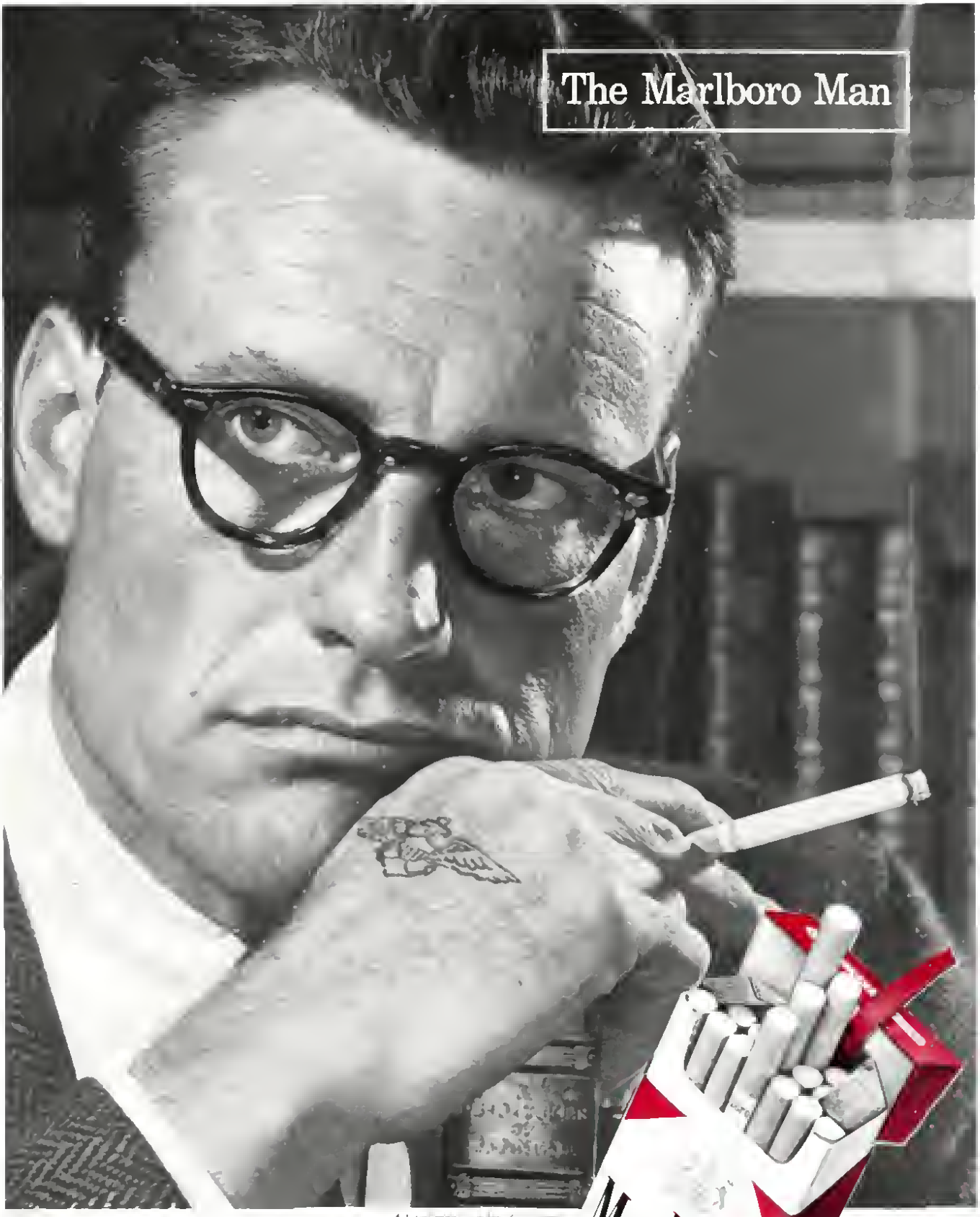


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